The Wellsboro Gazette.

VOL. XXXVI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1909. NO. 8.

State Library 4 July 10

WILL PUSH ROAD WORK.

'o Complete Main Street Before Winter Sets In.

At the regular meeting of the ouncil held last Monday evening, urgess Dartt and Councilmen erby, Mathers, Miller, Packer, herwood and Stebbins were present.

Bills were presented and ordered aid in amount of $86.73. The erk was also authorized to draw a order to Contractor Lyon to apy upon the curbing bill upon prentation of the same properly approved.

State Engineer Jackson and General Manager Beaty, for Contractor . H. Lyon, were present at the eeting and discussed with the ouncil th ework now going on on ain street.

Mr. Beaty stated that Mr. Lyon oped to complete the work up to e West Avenue bridge before the ld weather set in; that they were aking every effort to shove the ork along as rapidly as possible, but were delayed by not having the brick delivered fast enough; at they lacked fifty thousand ick yet to complete the pavement rough to the Wilcox House.

Mr. Jackson was requested to ke the matter up and get in touch ith manufacturers other than at orning, so that in case the brick not delivered faster from the orning contractor the required nount of brick can be procured rthwith elsewhere.

Officer Wilcox made an extended port covering the several premises sited by him to ascertain if pars served with notices to discard tside water-closets had complied th the requirements of the ordince.

It was found that most of the ople served with notice had comled, but some half dozen people d failed to obey the notices and resolution was passed placing the mes of these delinquents in the nds of the borough attorneys to llect the penalties provided in the dinances and law governing such atters.

Strike Situation Unchanged.

From late reports it is learned at there is no change in the strike uation at the Galeton railroad ops, neither side yielding anying in the controversy. Sheriff enneda, of Potter county, has a rce of deputies on the railroad operty and while there may have en some little excitement at times d arrests made no violence has ocrred.

The B. & S. railroad company ve the men an opportunity to sere employment as individuals, but t one of them made their applican, and the company is firm that will not recognize the union, deanding an open shop, and there e matter hangs fire.

The strike committee states that e agreement desired signed by the mpany was one concerning all afts in the shops; that there was clause in the agreement that callfor a "closed shop;" that there s no demand that unless said reement was signed that there uld be a strike; and that while aiting for a pre-arranged conferce at Buffalo that notification was ven of the closing of the shops.

Census Supervisor.

Some interest is being manifested this county in anticipation of the pointment of a Census Supervisor the Fifteenth Congressional disct of Pennsylvania, which emaces the counties of Lycoming, inton, Tioga and Potter. In nearall the other districts of the State Dana Durand, Director of Census, s already recommended appointnts to President Taft.

The Williamsport Gazette says that plicants in the Fifteenth district the position have been keeping etty well under cover, although it said that Clinton county is maka strong bid for the plum. In s district the supervisor will have out 200 appointments of persons enumerators to make, subject to approval of Director Durand.

The actual work will begin on ril 15 next, and must be completwithin a period of 30 days. In e the supervisor is unable to see enumerators who can speak the eign languages he has the right secure a special interpreter.

Last Shipment of Bark.

Aspah, Oct. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Stover are moving to Williamsrt this week, where Mr. Stover secured a position with the Cenl Pennsylvania Lumber Company. ey will be missed here by their ny friends.

A. A. Streeter moved last week to stonia, where he has a position h the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company.

Orrin R[illegible], of Wellsboro, bought the Hampton house of ward Butler and John Long moving into it [illegible]

This [illegible] a car of [illegible] which will probably the last bark shipped [illegible]

BALLOT OF GREAT SIZE.

Many Crossmarks Will Be Required of the Voters.

When the voters of Tioga county go to the polls next Tuesday to select their candidates for office and approve or disapprove the proposed amendments to the State Constitution they will receive the largest ballot ever voted since the present ballot law went into effect.

The ballots have been printed at the Gazette office and will be delivered to the County Commissioners today. The large-sized ballots will make an extra amount of work for the clerical force. The Commissioners will begin the work of delivering the supplies to the different election districts to-morrow.

Any voter who desires to vote a straight ticket and also for the amendments will be required to make twelve crosses, and in the event of a voter cutting his ticket will require additional crosses according to the number of individual candidates for whom he votes. Each amendment to the State Constitution will require a separate cross either in the blank space, approving the amendment, or in the blank space, disapproving it.

A Harrisburg dispatch says that the votes on the ten constitutional amendments will be counted the same as votes for candidates on the State ticket. A special return sheet will be sent to the clerk of the courts of every county so that official return of the votes on the amendments may be made to the State Capitol the same as the official vote cast in each county for the candidates on the State ticket. A special request will be made that the returns on the amendments be sent to the Capitol as soon as officially computed.

Editor Makes a Confession.

Our wife is gone. Gone to visit our mother-in-law. Gone back to the old home and the real cream. Back to the old oaken bucket and the mud pies of memory. We are not saying this to make other men envious whose wives are not gone. But it is a sort of a whistle to keep our courage up. For a long time the opportunity to hang out all night and make a monkey of ourselves has looked good. Now, with no restraint on our conduct, no tearful wife waiting to throw her hooks into our hair, no one to lie to, nobody to pacify with artful inventions, no person to care a whoop whether you go bughouse or not, now that the very hour and moment is pregnant with witchery and our horoscope is psychologically correct for a riotous period of debauchery, we get sleepy at 8:30 and mope off to bed like a mollusk.

It's enough to drive an ostentatious drunkard to the Keeley institute. Bourbon has lost its charms and high-balls are a mockery. We do not want to play poker or lick up suds or do any of the hundred disreputable things that a few days ago seemed so entrancing. If things had panned out as anticipated we would be an actor in the jollification drama instead of its playwright.—Ex.

A Sane Hallowe'en.

On account of Hallowe'en falling on Sunday this year, it will undoubtedly be observed next Monday evening, November 1st. In recent years property owners have suffered serious loss from the depredations of the thoughtless boys and young men who endeavor to see what damage they can do on the last night in October, despite the vigilance of the police. Citizens will therefore take such precautions as they may next Monday evening to preserve such portable property as is generally the object of the bad boys' evil work.

Just as the boy imagines that he cannot celebrate the Fourth of July properly unless he uses dangerous explosives the boy who celebrates All Hallowe'en must destroy other people's property or he will not feel that he is having any "fun." The trouble is that the boy does not stop to think or he would probably refrain from destroying property in desire to make his celebration of the night measure up to that of the hoodlum who has no respect for other people's rights.

The Printer's Mistake.

Through an oversight in the proof reading last week the editor of the Gazette permitted the caption "County Auditors," to be run in the election proclamation instead of "Jury Commissioners." While no serious harm was done still it was a grievous blunder for which the editor, not the "devil," was wholly responsible.

Typographical errors are one of the chief banes of a newspaper man's experience. In the rush of newspaper making "proofs" are read hurriedly and occasionally the result in the printed product is astonishing. For instance, the story is told of an editor who recently wrote a "puff" for the belle of the ball, saying "Her dainty feet were incased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," but the blundering compositor [illegible] "Her dirty feet [illegible]

THE TWO CANDIDATES FOR JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

CYRUS LARUE MUNSON, ESQ.
OF WILLIAMSPORT.
Nominee of the Democratic Party, supported by the non-partisan movement.

ROBERT VON MOSCHZISKER
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Nominated by the Republican Party at the dictation of Philadelphia bosses.

HIGH PRICED APPLES.

Spraying Has Had Marked Effect for Good on Crop.

As against the Marsh Creek man who declares that spraying fruit trees is all poppycock, we have the announcement from Harrisburg, made by State Economic Zoologist Surface, that the spraying of apple, pear, peach and plum trees in Pennsylvania has had such a marked effect for good on the fruit crop that some of the counties of the State where this method has been zealously followed are besieged by fruit buyers from the big city markets seeking to buy the fruit, and that it surpasses in quality the fruit sent here from California and the northwest, fruit that heretofore has had the lead among the fancy fruit dealers. These now attribute to the Pennsylvania fruit a better flavor and equally as good keeping quality.

Mr. Surface declares that invariably these fruit buyers ask before buying whether or not the trees had been sprayed, for they contend that fruit from trees that were sprayed have reached a choicer state of perfection and are free from the interior diseases that are liable to be present in fruit when picked from trees that have not been sprayed. And in proof of his argument in favor of the spraying Mr. Surface cites the fact that in these very counties where the buyers are now so anxiously looking for fruit unsprayed apples are being sold at 25 cents a bushel, while the sprayed variety is bringing three times that amount.

The Williamsport Sun says that the Tioga county man who threw cold water on the tree spraying business will have hard work to disprove Mr. Surface's claims.

Death of Mrs. James Morrow.

Mrs. Phoebe Morrow, aged 78 years, widow of the late James Morrow, of Delmar, died last Friday night at her home near Stony Fork, of heart disease.

Mrs. Morrow was born near Lodi, N. Y., and had spent the greater portion of her life in this county. She is survived by ten children: Abram, of Hood River, Oregon; Robert and Charles, of Lodi, N. Y.; John and Thomas, of Elmira; William and Morgan, of Wellsboro, route 2; Mrs. Martha Covert, of Farmer, N. Y.; Mrs. Amelia Jackson, of Elmira Heights, N. Y., and Mrs. Anna Vandebrook, of Victor, N. Y.

The funeral was held at the Stony Fork church on Monday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. C. G. Langford officiating. Interment in Wellsboro cemetery.

Last Met in Duel.

Captain W. H. Rauch, of Philadelphia, a veteran officer of one of the Pennsylvania regiments in reunion at Richmond, Va., last week, met by chance in a crowded hotel lobby Captain E. D. Christian, of Richmond, with whom in the heat of the battle of Cold Harbor he fought a sword and pistol duel. They were separated by the backward rush of the federal charging column and had not seen each other since, but recognition was mutual and they fraternized most amicably.

Dairy and Food Commissioner [illegible] has ordered six prosecutions in Susquehanna county for the alleged sale of [illegible]

MORRIS AND HOYTVILLE.

Review of Recent Local Events and Happenings.

Morris, Oct. 27.—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Cook, died suddenly last Thursday. Interment was made on Sunday at Oregon Hill.

Nathan Broughton, a lifelong resident of Morris township, died Saturday evening at the home of his son, Darius Broughton, after a brief illness. He is survived by one son and four daughters.

Mrs. B. R. Cooley and daughter, Leola, are visiting relatives at Blossburg and Pine City.

E. L. Kingsbury has purchased from Lawrence Teed, of Oregon Hill, a fine pair of black horses for livery use.

Mrs. F. A. Moore, of Liberty, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Martha Clark, who has been seriously ill for several weeks.

C. B. Runyan has resigned his position at the Erickson store. He is succeeded by Gilbert Auldinger, of Harrisburg. Mr. Runyan expects to go to Philadelphia in the near future where he will engage in the real estate business.

Van Kingsbury, of Scranton, is a guest at the home of his brother, E. L. Kingsbury.

Misses Anna and Ellen Carlson visited friends in Arnot a few days last week.

O. H. Miller has purchased the Ryan block of Frank Ryan. He occupies one room as a barber shop.

The Ladies' Aid will hold a Hallowe'en social and entertainment in I. O. O. F. Hall on Saturday evening for the benefit of the M. E. Church.

Deaths in Rutland.

Rutland, Oct. 27.—John Bailey, a former resident of this place, died in Farmington last Thursday. The remains were brought here for burial Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Abner Layton died of typhoid fever last Sunday after an illnes of about three weeks. She was about 65 years of age and is survived by her husband. Funeral services were held to-day at 1 p.m., at the Roseville Baptist church. Interment in the Roseville cemetery. The deceased was esteemed and respected and had many friends who regret her death.

The Milliner's Convention which was to have been held at the home of D. E. Watson on Saturday evening, was postponed on account of the bad weather to next Saturady evening, October 30th. A lunch will be served all who attend.

Mrs. Stevens, of Binghamton, N. Y., is a guest at the home of her brother, Dr. Knight.

Married Son's Sweetheart.

It is not often that a father steps in and marries his son's sweetheart, but that is exactly what John Butler, of Anderson, Ind., did. Father Butler recently obtained a divorce from the woman who had lived with him many years, and when he heard that his son John, was going to get married to Miss Daisy Woods, one of the prettiest girls in town, he hot-footed it to Daisy's home and when young John showed up old John and Daisy were spliced beyond recall. The young man says the young woman is in the family anyhow, which may be a warning to the old men to keep his weather eye out.

TO FIGHT DRINKING.

Steel Trust to Stop Sale of Beer in Bulk.

The United States Steel Corporation, it is said, has decided to make an effort to control the drinking of the 25,000 persons in Fayette county, interested in the manufacture of coke and will invest $10,000,000 in the project to obtain possession of the nine breweries now running in the county.

While the effort to merge these breweries is being conducted in the name of the Pittsburg Brewing Company, it is asserted that the Steel Corporation is back of the plan, it being figured that much better returns can be gleaned on the millions invested there by regulating the drink of the coke worker.

The sale of beer by the keg or by the barrel is what the corporation objects to. It has been found that for 72 hours after each payday the coke ovens do not run more than two-thirds their capacity, and there is scarcely a pay-day when hundreds of tons of coke are not ruined by inability to get the proper men to care for it in the ovens.

The idea of the corporation is said to be to increase the number of licensed drinking places in the county but to kill the sale of drink in bulk.

Fish Authorities Win.

At Williamsport last Saturday an action brought by the State Fish Commission against J. F. Good, of Lycoming township, for illegally maintaining a fish basket in Lycoming creek, was dismissed, upon payment of costs by Mr. Good. This means that the holders of licenses to maintain such baskets, will surrender their licenses upon demand of the commission and baskets in question are in waters that have been declared to be trout streams, since the time licenses were issued. This also means that the ruling of the commission is the conclusive factor when there is dispute whether a stream or any part thereof, is or is not a trout stream.

Safe Crackers Captured.

Three men who attempted to rob the postoffice at Jersey Shore early last Friday morning were captured after an exciting chase. They used revolvers freely, but were evidently poor marksmen, as all their shots went wide.

Prior to entering the postoffice they had visited the New York Central station at Jersey Shore and rifled the place, but secured but little booty. Their capture was effected in a barn at Avis, where they had taken refuge after being discovered. Fifty men from the railroad shops at Avis boarded an engine from the yards and joined in the sensational chase after the robbers.

C. L. S. C. Program.

The meeting of the C. L. S. C. will be held at the home of Mrs. Pauline Pattison next Monday evening, at 7:30 p. m. The following is the program:

Roll Call—Quotations from Bryant

Paper—"The Gods in Egypt." ..... Mrs. Rockwell

Discussion of "The Greek View of Life" from page 22 to close of chapter ..... Mrs. MacNulty

Reading, "The Shipwrecked Sailor," ..... Mrs. Kidd[illegible]

TURNS TABLES ON TRAMP.

Hobo Yields Up Dollar for the Bishop's Cathedral.

People of Wellsboro, especially Episcopalians, will be interested in this story printed in Everybody's Magazine concerning Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, who presided over the Central Pennsylvania diocese of the Episcopal church before it was divided into the Dioceses of Harrisburg and Bethlehem, as the distinguished churchman made frequent visits here:

"Once, while Bishop Talbot, the giant cowboy bishop, was attending a meeting of church dignitaries in St. Paul, a tramp accosted a group of churchmen in the hotel porch and asked for aid.

"'No,' one of them told him. 'I'm afraid we can't help you. But you see that big man over there?' pointing to Bishop Talbot. 'Well, he's the youngest bishop of us all, and he's a very generous man. You might try him.'

"The tramp approached Bishop Talbot confidently. The others watched with interest. They saw a long look of surprise come over the tramp's face. The bishop was talking eagerly. The tramp looked troubled. And then, finally, they saw something pass from one hand to the other. The tramp tried to slink past the group without speaking, but one of them called to him: "'Well, did you get something from our younger brother?'

"The tramp grinned sheepishly, 'No,' he admitted, 'I gave him a dollar for his damned new cathedral at Laramie!'"

Typhoid in the Water.

Somewhat of a flurry was created last Friday evening when it was announced from an official source that the water supplied by the Wellsboro Water Company was badly infected with the typhoid bacilli. There is no occasion for alarm, however, judging from the tone of the following letter received by Secretary H. N. Sherwood, of the local Board of Health, from Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, State Health Commissioner:

Dear Sir:—Referring to your letter and the data on file in this Department in regard to the water sample and the analysis of the same, we think it advisable for you to take additional samples from more than one faucet and if these samples reveal the presence of no greater amount of bacteria than that recorded in the analysis made, we do not deem it necessary to observe the usual instructions with reference to boiling water. Yours very truly,
Samuel G. Dixon.

Water is the king of beverages. It is the basis of all other beverages. It is the beverage to which all turn when they would cure themselves of the injurious habit of consuming other beverages. It is Nature's chiefest blessing to mankind. Pure water is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But water that is not pure may be more harmful than the most harmful of other drinks.

If we are to take into consideration the exorbitant rates paid for water in Wellsboro, the patrons of the local company are entitled to the purest and best water that can be produced. Do they get it?

Big Glass Merger.

Munro Lemon, of the Columbia Window Glass Company, was in Pittsburg last week and attended a three-days' session of glass manufacturers from different parts of the country. The meeting was held for the purpose of trying to effect a consolidation of a large number of independent "hand-made" factories.

There are about 103 window glass factories scattered from New Jersey to Kansas, and 95 have reached an agreement. This means that the co-operation of the owners of over 2,000 pots, of a total of 2,200, have been secured in the formation of the Imperial Window Glass Company. The new company, nominally capitalized at $250,000, will represent an estimated real property value of $4,400,000, and a working capital of $5,000,000. All subsidiary factories will turn their product over to the combine to be sold.

A Wedding at Little Marsh.

Little Marsh, Oct. 27.—A quiet wedding took place last Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hawley, when Miss Nora Wetherbee, a sister of Mrs. Hawley, was united in marriage to Jesse Smith, of Wellsboro. Rev. E. W. Collings performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a few friends. A wedding supper was served following the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in Wellsboro.

Miss Lorain Collings, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her brother, Rev. Collings.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hawley and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Smith spent Sunday at the home of Fred Wetherbee, of Sabinsville.

Another graded school is being agitated by some of the citizens of Charleston who, on account of the distance, are unable to send their children to the new school just opened at [illegible]

COUNTY AFFAIRS.

Summary of the Local Events of the Past Week.

—The farmers of Morris are selling their hay for $12 a ton.

—James Ruggles, of Gaines, will move his family to Ulysses, where he will conduct a restaurant.

—From fifteen to twenty car loads of bark are being received daily at the Hoytville tannery.

—Fred Potter, of Knoxville, formerly of Middlebury, is the new clerk at the Grand Central Hotel in Galeton.

—The engagement is announced of Miss Isabell M. Perkins, of Williamsport, to Walter W. Darling, of Lawrenceville.

—The Elkland and Osceola Presbyterian churches, under one pastorate, have extended a call to Rev. E. H. Watkins, of Gilbertsville, N. Y., to become their pastor.

—A new automobile company has been organized at Mansfield with M. S. Baker as superintendent and chaffeur. In addition to repairing cars the company will conduct an automobile livery.

—David Weiskop, an old hunter of Roaring Branch, saw a big buck deer on Laurel Hill, near Liberty, a few days ago, that sported five-pronged antlers and would weigh about 300 pounds.

—Robert Tubbs, an Osceola boy who enlisted some time ago in the U. S. army, sailed with his company from Pasadena, Cal., on August 5th and is now located at Fort Wint, Grande Island, P. I.

—A Virginia woman sued her husband for divorce on the ground that he pestered her too much with kisses. An Indiana woman ran away from her husband because he wouldn't kiss her. You can never tell about these women.

—Susquehanna county farmers are eating oleomargarine, which they buy at 18 cents a pound, and selling their butter, for which they get twice that amount. This is a good deal like "catching them going and catching them coming."

—Chatham township was visited by a severe electrical storm last Thursday evening. Lightning struck the barn of Mrs. Phoebe Rockwell and killed a valuable five-year-old horse. The barn was damaged considerably but fortunately was not fired by the bolt.

—Nathan Broughton, aged 79 years, of Morris, died last Sunday morning. He is survived by seven children. Mrs. Lina English, of Scranton; Mrs. Mary Costley of Pittsburg; Darius Broughton, Mrs. Wesley Emmick, Mrs. Edith Hostrander, of Morris township; Mrs. Ella Hostrander, of Ford, Virginia, and Mrs. Carrie Stradley, of Cammal, Pa.

—Here's a hint to some of Tioga county's overworked Constables. "Judge Evans, of Montour county, jarred his Constables the other day when, after hearing them all make the sterotyped report that there were no violations of the liquor laws in their respective bailiwicks, informed them that he had been acting detective, and that right under their very noses, and only the day before, he had witnessed a flagrant violation of the law."

—Julius Dort, aged 85 years, one of the pioneer settlers of Delmar, died on Tuesday morning at his home in Stony Fork, of apoplexy. He had a large acquaintance in this section of the county and was esteemed and respected by all who knew him. Besides his aged widow he is survived by two sons, William J. Dort and O. A. Dort, both of Stony Fork. He was the last of a family of twelve children. The funeral will be held this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. S. Lewis, of Mansfield, last Thursday afternoon, Miss Maude Lewis was united in marriage to George A. Schramm, of Galeton. Rev. A. W. Fenton performed the ceremony. For the past two years the bride has been a member of the faculty of the Northside High School, in Corning. Mr. Schramm is chief clerk to the superintendent of motive power of the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad. They will reside at Galeton.

A Play of the West.

In "Out in Idaho," which visits the Auditorium to-morrow evening, local lovers of the drama will have an opportunity to witness a western play that according to the advance notices is not overdrawn, but to the contrary is so true of the life of the early west that the characters live and breath before you and for a while one almost smells the dust of the desert. "Out In Idaho" is a play depicting life in the early west when life and civilization was in the making. In those strange days people coming from God knows where, joined forces in that far western land and according to the rude customs of the camp, their very names were soon lost and unrecorded, and here they struggled, laughed, gambled, cursed, killed, loved and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredible to us of to-day. Of one thing only we are sure, they lived.

Spoiled Boys

Many Are Not Taught to Work

By ROBERT A. WOODS

A DVERSITY is the prosperity of the great," says Emerson. The "first American" will stand forever as the witness to the truth that life is something more and other than what one can receive through it.

Most children of the well-to-do and many children of the poor are to-day brought up to have what they want rather than what they need. The standard of life to them seems to be to possess rather than to create.

Public school education, resting back on the tradition established when every child had his active powers put to the ...retch continually on the farm, devotes practically the whole of its attention to eliciting in the child a wide variety of cultural wants, insistent demands for the good things of life, dreams of what he is to have and be, but gives very little of that constructive discipline of will and imagination which develops in the young person the capacity and the eagerness to make, of his own exclusive initiative, the objects of his desire, or their equivalent.

This defect is characteristic of the higher education as well. The young college graduate, in spite of all his long educational course, has a serious time himself, and gives others a serious time, when he at last undertakes positively to serve the god of things as they are. His intellectual pabulum has always been predigested for him. He has held the reins in his hands and he has thought that he was driving, but his careful preceptors have never really let him run the risk.

The general tendency to luxury, the crowding into the easy, sensational ways of politics and financial speculation—the gambling impulse which is so strong in American life—the desire to get a great deal and do as little as possible is largely to be traced to the defective environment in which our young people are placed.

Lincoln and every creative spirit, has had that one indispensable part of education, the learning to make something out of nothing, and to make it so that under the hard tests of the world it would stand in its inherent worth. Nobody is educated who has not learned this; everybody is educated who has.

Robert A. Woods.

Beauties of New Zealand Climate

By DAVID PETRIE
Auckland, N. Z., Merchant

Having lived in New Zealand all my life, with the exception of a few childhood years in Scotland, I am naturally inclined to think that ours is the choicest spot of creation, the veritable God's country. As to climate, I think we have the rest of the world beaten to a finish. I left home last June, which is the second month of our winter season, and it is a rare thing for the thermometer to fall below 46 degrees during that or the succeeding winter months. In October it begins to get warmer, but in the hottest season, January, February and March, the average temperature, year after year, is around 64 degrees. Thus it is that our people do not know any extremes of heat or cold and we wear the same weight of clothing all the year round. The rainfall is invariably sufficient and it is nearly always equally distributed, so that the farmers can count on getting moisture as they need it.

New Zealand is bigger in area than all Great Britain, and it has room for many thousands more than its present population. It is one of the youngest countries, considering that its civilization only goes back to 1848, and yet it has made greater strides in the science of government than any other political division in the world. We were first in having woman suffrage, old-age pensions, compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, compulsory division of large landed estates and other equally great social reforms. Any man who wants steady work can get it in New Zealand. I may add that the Scotch race, to which I belong, is much in evidence in my adopted country and that every third man one meets is a "Mac."

Ten-Hour Labor Law for Women

By MYER A. PARADICE

The complaint of I. Frances in regard to the 10-hour labor law for women is not so strange. The comparison of girls in shops with those working in department stores is perhaps correct, but the people who interested themselves in and who were active in passing the 10-hour bill in the last legislature worked hard to include department stores, too, but found the opposition too strong to overcome and rather than have the bill defeated compromised on this point. It may also be true that this law will cause inconvenience to some people who are ready or who are compelled to sacrifice their health and welfare for a little consideration, but laws are made for the betterment of the majority of the people and this is certainly a benefit to most working people, and as long as it is a law on the statute books of Illinois it will gradually produce better conditions for the working classes in all shops. Every reform movement meets opposition from various sources and for different reasons and this measure is no exception, but the world moves onward just the same.

Laborers Treated Like So Many Cattle

By JA... BOYLE

Some time ago I noticed an article telling how cattle suffer in cars. Why not look after the men who build the roads to haul the cattle on? One company compels 12 men to sleep in an old box car with two thin blankets and an old gunnysack for a mattress. We have no stoves to dry our wet clothes when it rains. No soap or towels are furnished to wipe our faces on. And the board for which we pay $3.75 a week is not fit to give a dog. One dollar is kept out of our wages by the boarding contractor for office fees before starting to work and if we get 10 cents a day increase from the company the board is raised 25 cents a week, with no change in the food. We get old potatoes so sour in the morning that no one can eat them. When the skins are on they are not so bad. Liver and heart and sausage are the meat bill of fare. Men are compelled to leave every day on account of the board furnished.

Thirty-three cents a day is allowed by the contractor to feed the men. A good cook is let go the week he runs over 33 cents a day.

Weighing Diamonds and Gold.

The weight of diamonds and other precious stones is expressed in carats, carats and quarter grains. They are carat grains, one which is equal to four-fifths of a troy grain. Four quarter grains make one grain and four grains one carat. Pure gold is 24 carats fine. The carats, therefore, indicate the proportions of alloy. Most of the gold used by jewelers is about 14 carats fine, having ten parts of alloy.

Object to Early Washing.

Complaint has been made to the Ipswich (England) guardians that inmates of the workhouse infirmary were washed as early as three o'clock in the morning and a member protested against it, especially in the cases of the older folk. The reply was made that it would be impossible to begin later unless more nurses were employed.

POSED AS THE QUEEN

Wisconsin Girl Original for Painting of Alexandra.

Evelyn May Converse, Playing Model, Met Artist, Who Kept Her Arrayed in Royal Finery Until Picture Was Finished.

New York.—When the loyal and honest Britishers pay homage of heart to the pictured Alexandra at the coronation—from the brush of Edwin R. Abbey, R. A.—it is only to their queen's head and face. The rounded arms, the well poised neck, the stately, patrician carriage of the figure are another's—the secret is out now. Miss Evelyn Converse, an American girl from Wisconsin at that, posed as Queen Alexandra for Mr. Abbey's great painting, "The Coronation of Edward VII."

Miss Converse hasn't sat on the royal throne, but she has worn the coronation robes. She has never been presented at court, but she has come and gone at Buckingham palace as if born to the purple. She was never proclaimed queen in Westminster, but there she is in the picture.

The king himself ordered the painting to be hung on the walls of Buckingham palace. He posed; the queen posed; all the important personages who were nearest to their majesties on that august occasion faced Mr. Abbey for their portions of the picture. But for two years the great work was held up because there was no suitable model in England.

"For two years I've waited for you," said Mr. Abbey when he met Miss Converse. He knew he had found the model he wanted—the rest was only a matter of course. Who that could do it would refuse to pose for her majesty, consort of Edward VII., and wear her robes and jewels?

Strangely enough, Miss Converse isn't a professional model at all. She comes from Eau Claire, Wis., where her father, Henry Edward Converse, is a successful up-to-date American

Miss Evelyn May Converse.

business man. He went there from New York and took a hand in mining and timber and made good. There is sturdy New England stock in Miss Converse, too—on her family tree is the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It all happened just because Miss Converse fell in love and played model for her fiance, a painter prince—Effatoum Bey, son of a Russian nobleman and a French countess, who adopted Egypt as their country, where Effatoum Pasha is one of its foremost men.

When she was 16 Miss Converse left Eau Claire and went abroad with some cousins to study. She stayed in Paris several years, studying French and music, and hoping that perhaps some day she might go into grand opera. Then she went to England, and at Cambridge she met Effatoum Bey, who had been to the 'varsity there and rowed in one of the crews. He had taken up painting—and he fell in love with Miss Converse.

They became engaged. And what could be prettier on canvas than the fiancee's shell pink skin and her dusky black hair and her eyes that are sometimes black and sometimes blue and sometimes gray? And those arms, so exquisitely modeled!

Well, George Story, the artist, saw the throat and arms and shoulders at a reception at the American embassy.

"Just one sitting," he begged of the beautiful American girl, and when she told her fiance of this he said: "It's a very great honor from such a painter—by all means pose for him."

They got along famously, and one day Mr. Story ventured to suggest that Mr. Abbey might want her for some of his next pictures. Miss Converse laughed merrily—the idea that such an artist, one of the two Americans in the Royal Academy, should want to paint her!

"Why, there are plenty of other girls who will do quite as well," she went on, protesting.

And now we get to the point where the pretty American girl was asked to wear Queen Alexandra's coronation robes. Miss Converse called on Mr. Abbey. As she tells it:

"He smiled and just looked at me hard, hard, for about a minute. Then he asked me if I would mind taking off my glove, that he might see my hand. I said, 'Yes, I'll do it,' and then—why, he just said that if my arms were like that he'd most certainly want me for a very important picture he was painting.

"And that very day I put on Queen Alexandra's robes and he began to paint me in the picture."

Saving the North Woods.

It will be a great satisfaction to those who are fighting for the preservation of the Adirondack forests to learn that the first two of the oil-burning locomotives to be used have proved signal successes. The only complaint against them is based upon the rapidity with which oil makes steam, but this is hardly a serious difficulty. If this reform can reduce the number of fires by 20 per cent as is expected, it will prove the most effective means yet devised to prevent the devastation of the north woods by fire.—Troy (N. Y.) Record.

ROYAL GHOSTS HAUNT FRENCH CHATEAU

WONDROUS CHENONCEAU HAUNTED CHATEAU

WOULD you give millions for a chateau besieged by royal ghosts, vainly haunting the scenes of their old loves and crimes?

The ghosts are dread French kings, from Francis I. to Charles IX., with beautiful but cruel Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de Medici, the terrible queen-mother. Even the unhappy Mary Stuart knew the lovely scene.

The scene is outside wondrous Chenonceau, said to be again for sale—unless already sold—in the division of the Terry estate.

If you can pay the millions, take the ghosts as an extra attraction. They cannot harm plain Americans. Here is a mystery. The ghosts cannot enter the chateau so long as plain, untitled folks live in it. The potent influence of its builder—an untitled business woman of the renaissance—will keep the royal robbers out in the park!

Go back a century. Claude Dupin, plain tax-farmer, purchased Chenonceau in great dilapidation for 300,000 francs in 1733 and spent 100,000 francs in restorations. Here the Dupins held a brilliant literary court, with Buffon, Voltaire and Rousseau; and the chateau went peacefully to their descendants from whom Wilson's daughter bought it.

For the strong business woman of old days, who built the unique palace: Catherine Briconnet descended from a small shopkeeper's family of Tours, fostered to greatness like so many other "little people"—Barthelots, Pouchers Bohiers—by democratic Louis XI. Behold Catherine Briconnet, daughter of a banker who died archbishop, married to Thomas Bohier, a farmer general, and rich enough to buy the marques' fief.

While Thomas financed the armies of two kings Catherine left at home, built Chenoneau.

Catherine's husband, Bohier, died in the rout of the French army in Italy. Catherine died a year later. Francis I., finding his treasury emptied by Italian wars, brought suit against all the crown's financiers. The object was not to judge, but to grind money.

In five years the rich family of Bohier was ruined and Catherine's son, Antoine, was glad to humbly offer Francis I. his chateau of Chenonceau at a valuation of 90,000 livres as a quit claim. (It had cost his father 60,000 livres, or $120,000 in our money. Some 40,000 livres remained of the king's claim. The Bohiers were sucked dry.

Francis visited Chenonceau twice, an ill, melancholy man, and died a nasty death. But Diane de Poitiers had seen and liked the chateau of the waters.

Diane de Poitiers, celebrated in French history for her beauty, grace, crookedness, wickedness and unlimited influence over King Henri II., was married at 15 years to the hunchbacked Louis de Brezy, grand seneschal of Normandy, who was 60. Two years later her father, implicated in a plot, was being led off to the Place de Greve, Paris, to have his head cut off, but youthful Diane was talking with the dauphin. The father was reprieved at the last moment, and Diane became a political figure.

On the death of Francis I., her first act was to have the dauphin become king, dispossess her old rival, Duchess d'Etampes, of all her property. Finally, by letters patent, Diane obtained "our chateau of Chenonceau."

Here is one of the crimes of Chenonceau. A young gentleman, La Chateigneraie, knew too much about Diane. Another De Jarnac, married the sister of her old rival, Ducness d'Etampes.

"Ask De Jarnac how he dresses so well?" said Diane to La Chateigneraie.

LA CHATEIGNERAIE AT BATHING DIANE DE POITIERS

"My mother-in-law helps me out," explained the unsuspecting De Jarnac. On which Diane caused the hateful whisper to go round:

"Do you know what La Chateigneraie says about De Jarnac and his mother-in-law?"

They fought with swords and daggers in the presence of the court. Like Iago, "Which one kills the other, I care nothing," thought Diane; but she felt safer when, to everybody's surprise, De Jarnac suddenly seemed to slip, fell to one knee, and hamstrung his superior adversary with a back pull of his sword. La Chateigneraie bled to death. To-day a "coup De Jarnac" means almost a foul; but the maneuver was perfectly regular, if new.

Here is another crime of Chenonceau. Diane, having finished the bridge-wing at a cost of 9,000 livres ($18,000 to-day), built Italian gardens in the style of Passelo de Mercogliano. The archbishop of Tours lent her a remarkable young gardener, Nicquet, to train up her fruit walks. Nicquet was handsome, distinguished, seductive, innocent; the court was at Blois; there was a passing escapade of a summer's afternoon or two; and then the handsome young gardener died of alleged cholera.

Of all Diane's crimes, this one stuck most. The victim was a servant; and the vengeful clan whispered the tale to their masters far and wide. Later, when Henri II. lay dying it became the pretext on which Tavannes offered the queen to go and cut off Diane's nose. Instead, the philosophical Catherine De Medicis offered to spare the fallen beauty's mutilation—on condition that Diane should give her Chenonceau.

Catherine de Medici [illegible] Diane's clear title to Chenonc[illegible] ostensible trade of mo[illegible]haumont. (An American woman, Esther Alexander, legal French wife of Robert de Broglie, is with him, co-heir apparent to the latter historic chateau at this moment.)

Her first great fete at Chenonceau was a triumphal entry for the new king, her son, Francis II. and his young wife, Mary Stuart. Arches, obelisks, columns, statues, fountains, antique altars, fireworks, music and 300 cannons made a wonderful effect. These were the happiest days of Mary Stuart.

A dowager duchess of Vendome dying without children in 1718—"killed," says Saint-Simon, "by abuse of strong liquors"—long abandoned and neglected Chenonceau passed by inheritances to the Prince de Conde, who sold it to the plain, untitled business man, Dupin.

A business man, an untitled middle-class man, at last again owned the fairy chateau of the water for which kings, queens and favorites committed crimes.

The ghosts of Chenonceau fled the interior.

Voltaire, visiting Dupin, saw Diane de Poitiers kissed by La Chateigneraie in armor in a thicket by the river.

Grevy, president of the republic, visiting the sister of his son-in-law, sat in the park at midnight watching. He beheld a rabble of pale shades besieging the chateau. They could not enter.

STERLING HEILIG.

Lands Restored to People

More Than a Million Acres Unlawfully Inclosed, Again Made Public Domain.

The extent to which fraudulent entries of land has been carried is but suggested in the past 17 months' work of the special agents of the general land office, who have released from unlawful inclosure more than a million acres of public land, and have forced 94 convictions, leaving more than 1,000 cases set for hearing and trial before local land offices.

Added to these there are pending in the department of justice and in the United States courts more than 1,000 more; and before the special agents are 30,000 additional cases requiring investigation. To this must be added the obvious truth, that there are too many cases of successful fraud to every one that is detected.

Now that our national resources have largely passed into private hands, at the beginning of this twentieth century we have for the first time taken stock of our resources and find that they are not inexhaustible. On the contrary, they are extremely limited as compared with the probable future needs of the nation.—Charles R. Van Hise in Collier's.

Fair Warning.

"You are a likely-looking chap," said the glib-tongued proprietor of the summer hotel, "and there are lots of pretty girls around here. Why not spend your time love-making?"

"I may," responded the young salesman on a vacation, "but there is just one thing I wish to impress upon your mind."

"And what is that?"

"I am not one of those chaps who would rather make love than eat."

Fish Eat Mosquito Larvae.

There is no malaria in the Barbados because of the absence of mosquitoes, which are eaten while still larvae by the beneficent profusion of little fish called "millions."

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

If you haven't used Glenn's Sulphur Soap, try it.

No other soap has the same sweetening, healing and disinfecting properties.

It does not sweeten by covering up odors as scented soaps do. It makes the skin pure and odorless because sulphur disinfects.

It prevents skin eruptions, cures chafings and dandruff.

No soap is recommended by physicians so constantly as Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

USED DAILY IN TOILET AND BATH IT PURIFIES HEALS AND PREVENTS DISEASE

For Sale at All Drug Stores.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, Fifty Cents

The Funny Door.

"How children do coin words and phrases for a household," exclaimed the young mother. "When my little boy first began to talk he called every sort of opening a 'door.' It was an association of ideas for him and he applied it to everything. One night as his father took off his shoes a hole in his stocking was disclosed. 'Funny door! funny door!' exclaimed the little chap gleefully. And now in our family a hole in the stocking is always a 'funny door.'"

Woman a Poultry Expert.

Miss N. Edwars, of Coakley, Gloustershire, is said to be the highest authority in England on poultry. She has won over 1,000 prizes and exported poultry into every country. Beginning in a small way with only twenty fowls, her poultry farm is now one of the largest in England. She does not raise chickens for the general market, but sells eggs and stock birds.

Progress in China.

Besides the four or five Chinese government schools now teaching railway engineering, another is recommended to be established at Tientsin. Also a rail-making plant is to be erected at T'ai-Yuan-fu, and every department and district touching the railway is directed to plant 30,000 elm trees in order to provide ties in the future.

Boer War Cost Many Horses.

Tremendous was the drain on the horseflesh of the world caused by the Boer war. In that war England sent 339,329 horses and 103,000 mules to South Africa, four times as many animals as the Germans took to France in August, 1870. Tamerlane led 93,000 horses over the Hindoo Koosh in the conquest of Delhi.

Hares a Nuisance in Turkey.

As the Turkish people generally dislike wild game as a food, hares have increased in such numbers in some districts as to become a nuisance and threaten crops. At Angora some 60,000 are killed annually for the sake of the fur, which is shipped to Marseilles and used in the manufacture of hats.

Japanese Trade Decreases.

In 1908 purchases of Japanese porcelains, lacquers and bronzes by England, France, Germany and the United States decreased by $1,000,000. Exports to China fell off $12,500,000 generally, owing to the reduced value of silver and the Tatsu Maru boycott. All exports decreased except mats, floor matting and refined sugar.

Novelty in Metal Alloy.

When 70 per cent. of cerium is alloyed with 30 per cent. of iron the metal thus produced possesses the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck lightly by a steel wheel.

Bank of England Salaries.

The director of the Bank of England has a salary of only $10,000 a year. Of the 1,300 employes, about 100 are women. The first cashier gets nearly twice as much as the director and the the total pay roll amounts to over $1,000,000.

Arson the Safest Crime.

Arson is the safest crime in New York city, according to the records, for only six persons out of each one hundred accused are found guilty. Homicide comes next, with only seven convictions out of one hundred accusations.

She Was Silent Once.

Wifey—I remember the night you proposed to me; I bent my head and said nothing.

Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear, but never mind; you've made up for it since.

Why He Looked Harrassed.

The kind lady had just handed the hungry hobo a sandwich and a hunk of pie. "Poor man!" she said sympathetically. "Are you married?" "No'm," answered the h. h., "I got dis hunted look from bein' chased from place t' place by der police."

Wooden Shack Better Than Tent.

The common notion that a tent is specially hygienic is incorrect. A tent is far less hygienic than a wooden shack, because the air is more confined and there are no windows to open. The best shelter for invalids camping in a dry region, like the Arizona desert, is made of four posts supporting wire netting into which branches of some tree have been woven, leaving just enough light to read by.

Substitute for Bridge.

"The Intellectuals" is the name by which a number of commuters who travel daily between their summer homes and New York are known by their fellow-travelers. They make what they call "a white horse pool" every morning. They sit with their faces close to the windows, looking for white horses along the line of the road. The man who guesses nearest to the number encountered gets the pool.

Improving a Railway.

The San Dominican government engineers have completed the survey for changing the route of the railway from Puerto Plata to Santiago. The present line climbs directly up the side of the mountain by the aid of a cogged third rail. The new route will avoid this and will make the distance with nothing heavier than a two and a half per cent. grade, besides saving time and operating expenses.

The Lesson of Leprosy.

The main lesson of leprosy is somewhat philosophic. All Europe for centuries was covered with it, but the quick, strong reactive blood of the white race strangled the germs of death, so it is doubtful if whites could ever be pestered much again. Yellow races, of slower, weaker blood, are still slowly stewing with it.

Austrlia Exports Rabbits.

Australia has turned her pest into a profitable industry. During the last five years 14,433,000 frozen rabbits have been exported from Victoria, principally to England; also 96,242,000 skins, while 5,000,000 skins went into local consumption, making a total of 103,242,000 skins.

Butter from Denmark.

Denmark exports to Great Britain over $48,600,000 worth of butter yearly. Dairying in Denmark is mainly co-operative. In 1907 the 1,085 associations had 138,170 members, bound as a rule to the enterprise for ten years. The creameries in 1908 numbered 1,345.

Mere Details.

Life Insurance Agent—I'd like to write you up a policy if you haven't all the life insurance you think you need.

Cholly Knickerbocker—You'll have to see my valet, old chap; he attends to all such matters, don'tcherknow.

Revenue Stamps in Mexico.

All notes or legal papers executed in Mexico must bear revenue stamps, and all papers executed in the United States or other countries must bear these stamps before legal action can be commenced in Mexico.

Eagles to Draw Balloons.

One of the most fantastic ballooning projects of the past was that of an Austrian who suggested, nearly a century ago, that balloons might be guided in any desired direction with the aid of trained eagles.

Not Being Exterminated.

In the Journal of the African Society the opinion is expressed by Mr. Selous that, contrary to the general belief, giraffes and elephants are in no danger of being exterminated in Africa.

Record Flight for a Kite.

The world's record flight of a kite is 23,111 feet above sea level. The kite started from a mountain top where the temperature was 70 degrees above zero, and at its highest point reached 5.4 degrees below zero.

WHOLESOME

IS IT WHOLESOME? That is the first question to be considered as regards a food or beverage. If it contributes to your health, it is valuable; if otherwise, it is to be studiously avoided.

SCHWARZENBACH'S BEER

Is particularly wholesome. Brewed from choicest barley malt and hops, by a sterilizing process throughout, it is, first of all, PURE. As a health beverage, it is highly recommended on account of its nutritive and tonic qualities.

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The Sight of a Young and Attractive Woman Coming Out of a Home for Confirmed Bachelors.

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CHAPTER I.
—Dust.

In the dull hot dusk of a summer's day a green touring car, swinging out of the East drive, pulled up smartly, trembling, at the edge of the Fifty-ninth street car tracks, then more sedately, under the dispassionate but watchful eye of a mounted member of the traffic squad, lurched across the Plaza and merged itself in the press of vehicles south bound on the avenue.

Its tonneau held four young men, all more or less disguised in dust, dusters and goggles; forward, by the side of the grimy and anxious-eyed mechanic, sat a fifth, in all visible respects the counterpart of his companions. Beneath his mask, and by this I do not mean his goggles, but the mask of modern manner which the worldly wear, he was, and is, different. He was Daniel Maitland, Esquire; for whom no further introduction should be required, after mention of the fact that he was, and remains, the identical gentleman of means and position in the social and financial worlds, whose somewhat sober but sincere and wholehearted participation in the wildest of conceivable escapades had earned him the affectionate regard of the younger set, together with the sobriquet of "Mad Maitland."

His companions of the day, the four in the tonneau, were in that humor of subdued yet vibrant excitement which is apt to attend the conclusion of a long, hard drive over country roads. Maitland, on the other hand (judging him by his preoccupied pose), was already weary of, if not bored by, the hare-brained enterprise which, initiated on the spur of an idle moment and directly due to a thoughtless remark of his own, had brought him 100 miles (or so) through the heat of a broiling afternoon, accompanied by spirits as ardent and irresponsible as his own, in search of the dubious distraction afforded by the night side of the city.

As, picking its way with elephantine nicety, the motor car progressed down the avenue—twilight deepening, arcs upon their bronze columns blossoming suddenly, noiselessly into spheres of opalescent radiance—Mr. Maitland ceased to respond, ceased even to give heed, to the running fire of chaff (largely personal) which amused his companions. Listlessly engaged with a cigarette, he lounged upon the green leather cushions, half closing his eyes, and heartily wished himself free for the evening.

But he stood committed to the humor of the majority, and lacked entirely the shadow of an excuse to desert; in addition to which he was altogether too lazy for the exertion of manufacturing a lie of serviceable texture. And so abandoned himself to his fate, even though he foresaw with wearifu1 particularity the programme of the coming hours.

To begin with, 20 minutes were to be devoted to a bath and dressing in his rooms. This was something not so unpleasant to contemplate. It was the afterwards that repelled him: Dinner at Sherry's, the subsequent tour of roof gardens, the late supper at a club, and then, prolonged far into the small hours, the session around some green-covered table in a close room reeking with the fumes of good tobacco and hot with the fever of gambling.

Abstractedly Maitland frowned, tersely summing up: "Beastly!" in an undertone.

At this the green car wheeled abruptly round a corner below Thirty-fourth street, slid half a block or more east, and came to a palpitating halt. Maitland, looking up, recognized the entrance to his apartments, and sighed with relief for the brief respite from boredom that was to be his. He rose, negligently shaking off his duster, and stepped down to the sidewalk.

Somebody in the car called a warning after him, and turning for a moment he stood at attention, an eyebrow raised quizzically, cigarette drooping from a corner of his mouth, hat pushed back from his forehead, hands in coat pockets; a tall, slender, sparsely built figure of a man, clothed immaculately in flannels.

When at length he was able to make himself heard: "Good enough," he said clearly, though without rasing his voice. "Sherry's in an hour. Right. Now, behave yourselves."

"Mind you show up on time!"

"Never fear," returned Maitland over his shoulder.

A witticism was flung back at him from the retreating car, but spent itself unregarded. Maitland's attention was temporarily distracted by the unusual—to say the least—sight of a young and attractive woman coming out of a home for confirmed bachelors.

The apartment house happened to be his own property. A substantial and old-fashioned edifice, situated in the middle of a quiet block, it contained but five roomy and comfortable suites—in other words, one to a floor; and these were without exception tenanted by unmarried men of Maitland's own circle and acquaintance. The janitor, himself a widower and a convinced misogynist, lived alone in the basement. Barring very special and exceptional occasions (as when one of the bachelors felt called upon to give a tea in partial recognition of social obligations), the foot of woman never crossed its threshold.

In this circumstance, indeed, was comprised the singular charm the house had for its occupants. The quality which insured them privacy and a quiet independence rendered them oblivious to its many minor drawbacks, its lack of many conveniences and luxuries which have of late grown to be so commonly regarded as necessities. It boasted, for instance, no garage; no refrigerating system maddened those dependent upon it; a dissipated electric lighting system never went out of nights, because it had never been installed; no brass-bound hall boy lounged in desuetude upon the stoop and took too intimate and personal an interest in the tenants' correspondence. The inhabitants, in brief, were free to come and go according to the dictates of their consciences, unsupervised by neighborly women folk, unhindered by a parasitic corps of menials not in their personal employ.

Wherefore was Maitland astonished, and the more so because of the season. At any other season of the year he would readily have accounted for the phenomenon that now fell under his observation, on the hypothesis that the woman was somebody's sister or cousin or aunt. But at present that explanation was untenable: Maitland happened to know that not one of the other men was in New York, barring himself, and his own presence there was a thing entirely unforeseen.

Still incredulously, he mentally counted the flat: [illegible] who occupied [illegible] flat, was traveling on the continent; [illegible] left [illegible] to join a yachting party on the Mediterranean; Bannister was [illegible]; [illegible] of the fourth and fifth floors, respectively, were in Newport and Buenos Aires.

"Odd!" concluded Maitland.

So it was. She had just closed the door, one thought; and now stood poised as if in momentary indecision on the low stoop, glancing toward Fifth avenue the while she fumbled with a refractory button at the wrist of a long white kid glove. Blurred though it was by the darkling twilight and a thin veil, her face yet conveyed an impression of prettiness; an impression enhanced by careful grooming. From her [illegible], a small affair, something green, with a superstructure of gray ostrich feathers, to the tips of her russet shoes—including a walking skirt and bolero of shimmering gray silk—she was distinctly "smart" and interesting.

He had keenly observant eyes, had Maitland, for all his detached pose; you are to understand that he comprehended all these points in the flickering of an instant. For the incident was over in two seconds. In one the lady's hesitation was resolved; in another she had passed down the steps and swept by Maitland without giving him a glance, without even the trembling of an eyelash. And he had a view of her back as she moved swiftly away toward the avenue.

Perplexed, he lingered upon the stoop until she had turned the corner; after which he let himself in with a latch key, and, dismissing the affair temporarily from his thoughts, or pretending to do so, ascended the single flight of stairs to his flat.

Simultaneously heavy feet were to be heard clumping up the basement steps; and surmising that the janitor was coming to light the hall, the young man waited, leaning over the balusters. His guess proving correct, he called down:

"O'Hagan? Is that you?"

"An' saints presarve us! But 'twas yersilf gave me th' sthart, Misther Maitland, sor!" O'Hagan paused in the gloom below, his upturned face quaintly illuminated by the flame of a wax taper in his gaslighter.

"I'm dining in town to-night, O'Hagan, and dropped around to dress. Is anybody else at home?"

"Nivver a wan, sor. Shure, th' house do be quiet's anny tomb—"

"Then who was that lady, O'Hagan?"

"Leddy, sor?"—in unbounded amazement.

"Yes," impatiently. "A young woman left the house just as I was coming in. Who was she?"

"Shure an' I think ye must be dr'amin', sor. Divvle a female—rayspicts to ye!—has been in this house for manny an' manny th' wake, sor."

"But, I tell you—"

"Belike 'twas somewan jist sthepped into the vesthibule, mebbe to tie her shoe, sor, and ye thought—"

"Oh, very well." Maitland relinquished the inquisition as unprofitable, willing to concede O'Hagan's theory a reasonable one, the more readily since he himself could by no means have sworn that the woman had actually come out through the door. Such had merely been his impression, honest enough, but founded on circumstantial evidence.

"When you're through, O'Hagan," he told the Irishman, "you may come and shave me and lay out my things, if you will."

"Very good, sor. In wan minute."

But O'Hagan's conception of the passage of time was a thought vague; his one minute had lengthened into ten before he appeared to wait upon his employer.

Now and again, in the absence of the regular "man," O'Hagan would attend one or another of the tenants in the capacity of substitute valet; as in the present instance, when Maitland, having left his host's roof without troubling even to notify his body-servant that he would not return that night, called upon the janitor to understudy the more trained employe; which O'Hagan could be counted upon to do very acceptably.

Now, with patience unruffled, since he was nothing keen for the evening's enjoyment, Maitland made profit of the interval to wander through his rooms, lighting the gas here and there and noting that all was as it should be, as it had been left—save that every article of furniture and bric-a-brac seemed to be sadly in want of a thorough dusting. In the end he brought up in the room that served him as study and lounge the drawing room of the flat, as planned in the forgotten architect's scheme—a large and well-lighted apartment overlooking the street. Here, pausing beneath the chandelier, he looked about him for a moment, determining that, as elsewhere, all things were in order—but gray with dust.

Finding the atmosphere heavy, stale, and oppressive, Maitland moved over to the windows and threw them open. A gush of warm air, humid and redolent of the streets, invaded the room, together with the roar of traffic from its near-by arteries. Maitland rested elbows on the sill and leaned out, staring abstractedly into the night; for by now it was quite dark. Without concern, he realized that he would be late at dinner. No matter; he would as willingly miss it altogether. For the time being he was absorbed in vain speculations about an unknown woman whose sole claim upon his consideration lay in a certain but immaterial glamour of mystery. Had she, or had she not, been in the house? And, if the true answer were in the affirmative, to what end, upon what errand?

His eyes focused insensibly upon a void of darkness beneath him—night made visible by street lamps; and he found himself suddenly and acutely sensible of the wonder and mystery of the City; the City whose secret life ran fluent upon the hot hard pavements below, whose voice throbbed, sibilant, vague, strident, inarticulate, upon the night air; the City of which he was a part equally with the girl in gray, whom he had never before seen, and in all likelihood was never to see again, though the [illegible] of them were to work out their destinies within the bounds of Manhattan island. And yet.

"It would be strange," said Maitland thoughtfully, "If . . ." He shook his head, smiling. "'Two shall be born,'" quoted Mad Maitland, sentimentally—

"'Two shall be born the whole wide world apart—'"

A piano organ, having maliciously sneaked up beneath his window, drove him indoors with a crash of metallic melody.

As he dropped the curtains his eye was arrested by a gleam of white upon his desk—a letter placed there, doubtless, by O'Hagan in Maitland's absence. At the same time, a splashing and gurgling of water from the direction of the bathroom informed him that the janitor-valet was even then preparing his bath. But that could wait.

Maitland took up the envelope and tore the flap, remarking the name and address of his lawyer in its upper left-hand corner. Unfolding the inclosure, he read a date a week old, and two lines requesting him to communicate with his legal adviser upon "a matter of pressing moment."

"Bother!" said Maitland. "What the dickens—"

He pulled up short, eyes lighting. "That's so, you know," he argued. "Bannerman will be delighted, and—and even business is better than rushing round town and pretending to enjoy yourself when it's hotter than the seven brass hinges of hell and you can't think of anything else. . . . I'll do it!"

He stepped quickly to the corner of the room, where stood the telephone upon a small side table, sat down, and, receiver to ear, gave central a number. In another moment he was in communication with his attorney's residence.

"Is Mr. Bannerman in? I would like to—"

"Why, Mr. Bannerman! How do you do?"

"You're looking 100 per cent. better—"

"Bad, mad word! Naughty!—"

"Maitland, of course."

"Been out of town and just got your note."

"Your beastly penchant for economy. It's not stamped; I presume you sent it round by hand of the future president of the United States whom you now employ as office boy. And O'Hagan didn't forward it for that reason."

"Important, eh? I'm only in for the night—"

"Then come and dine with me at the Primordial. I'll put the others off."

"Good enough. In an hour, then? Good-by."

Hanging up the receiver, Maitland waited a few moments ere again putting it to his ear. This time he called up Sherry's, asked for the head-waiter, and requested that person to be kind enough to make his excuses to "Mr. Cressy and party;" he, Maitland, was detained upon a matter of moment, but would endeavor to join them at a later hour.

Then, with a satisfied smile, he turned away, with purpose to dispose of Bannerman's note.

"Bath's ready, sor."

O'Hagan's announcement fell upon heedless ears. Maitland remained motionless before the desk—transfixed with amazement.

"Bath's ready, sor!"—imperatively. Maitland roused slightly.

"Very well; in a minute, O'Hagan."

Yet for some time he did not move. Slowly the heavy brows contracted over intent eyes as he strove to puzzle it out. At length his lips moved noiselessly.

"Am I awake?" was the question he put his consciousness.

Wondering, he bent forward and drew the tip of one forefinger across the black polished wood of the writing-bed. It left a dark, heavy line. And beside, clearly defined in the heavy layer of dust, was the silhouette of a hand; a woman's hand, small, delicate, unmistakably feminine of contour.

"Well!" declared Maitland, frankly, "I am damned!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEVOTION THAT WAS SUBLIME

Great Cook True to His Art to the Very End.

Escoffier, the great French cook, said at a dinner in New York that a good cook had the spirit of cookery born in him.

"It is born in him," said M. Escoffier, "and in him it never dies. His first lisped baby word is of food; and a sauce or a navarin is the subject of his last dying breath.

"Did you ever hear of poor Gaston Laurent, the distinguished cook of Paillard's?

"Gaston went on a voyage to the South Seas in '95; his ship was wrecked, and he and his party were captured by cannibals.

"Being plump, Gaston, alas, was the first of the illfated party to be condemned to the great iron cooking pot.

"And the survivors say th[illegible]ing could have been more touching and more sublime than Gaston's last cry from the great pot, as the water began to smoke and bubble and he began to cook—Gaston's last calm cry of a great artist:

"'Come, come! It is already past the time for the pepper and salt!'"

Classified.

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"My husband."

"Oh! I er—I—humbly apologize I—"

"Never mind; I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"

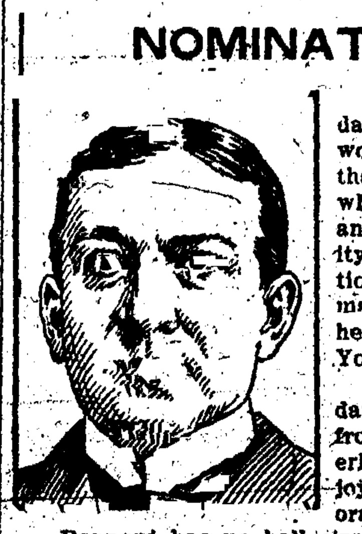
No Children Let.

Flat Hunter—Do you let children in these flats?

Janitor—No, we [illegible] let the [illegible] Yonkers Star.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

NOMINATED FOR MAYOR



Otto Tremont Bannard, the Republican candidate for mayor of New York, is probably the worst election campaigner ever nominated for that office. That is said without any reflection whatever on Mr. Bannard as a man of culture and as an astute business man with a rare capacity for organization and a genius for the direction of important undertakings. But he cannot make a speech. His best friends frankly admit he is probably the worst speechmaker in New York.

So if he takes the stump, as mayoralty candidates usually do, and attempts to tell the voters from a public platform his conception of a properly governed city his well-wishers will be overjoyed if he doesn't get into a hopeless maze of oratorical tangles.

Bannard has no hallucinations about himself—or anything else. When he got back from Europe a few weeks ago his closest friend, Herbert Parsons, said to him:

"Otto, I think we ought to nominate you for mayor."

"You had better let me alone, Herbert," Bannard replied. "I am not a good candidate. I can't make a speech and the people don't take kindly to a trust company president, anyway."

Parsons thought there was wisdom in that and did let Bannard alone for a short time. The chairman of the Republican county committee was so sure there would be no need to draft his friend for the mayoralty race that he put Bannard on the committee of five to represent the Republicans in all the conferences with the fusionists. But in the final showdown it became necessary to drag Bannard to the front, and when he knew his nomination was inevitable he fled to Chicago, largely to escape photographers and interviewers.

The Republican candidate for mayor is a tall, well-built, clean-cut man. He is always faultlessly dressed and has the solid, substantial look of a man of affairs. In the language of humble associates on the Republican county committee he "looks like ready money." He has light hair, streaked with gray, blue eyes, a resolute chin and the steady, penetrating gaze of the man who does a lot of thinking and little talking.

He is reserved in manner as well as speech. He is not a "mixer" in the political sense, though popular among men who really know him. He is kind-hearted and a genuine hard-luck story sends his hand into his pocket.

He is a bachelor and wealthy. As president of the New York Trust Company he gets $50,000 a year, which he would be compelled to relinquish were he elected mayor.

COMMANDED BRITISH SHIPS

Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, the British officer who commanded the big squadron at the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York harbor, is one of Britain's most distinguished officers. He is particularly persona grata to the United States because he commanded American forces as part of the allied army in the Chinese expedition of 1900. Since 1905 he has held the title of "admiral of the fleet," being one of the six officers bearing that title.

The admiral has won his title through long and arduous service. Though the son of a clergyman, he comes of a line of seadogs and is the grandson of a baron who won his honors in naval service.

Entering the navy in 1852, Sir Edward, at the age of 12, first saw service in the Crimean war. He was active in the bombardment of Odessa, being praised for his coolness under fire. For bravery at the shelling of Sebastopol and Kinburn and his conduct in the war generally he won a medal and clasp.

In 1857 he saw service in the Chinese war, being present at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla and at the capture of Canton and the Peiho forts. He next was engaged in operations against the Chinese rebels in 1862 and at the age of 26 became a commander.

Wounded while aiding to suppress piracy in the Congo river, he was prevented from taking part in the Nares Arctic expedition.

He again distinguished himself in the Egyptian war of 1882 and in 1887 was made aide-de-camp to the queen.

As commander-in-chief on the China station from 1898 to 1901 Admiral Seymour led the allied expedition against the Chinese in 1900. Thus he was one of the few foreign officers who have commanded a body of American sailors and marines under fire. His conduct on that memorable occasion won praise from the several nations directly interested. It is said that one of Emperor William's favorite paintings is that showing Sir Edward, in a hotly contested engagement on the road to Peking, giving the command, "Germans to the front!"

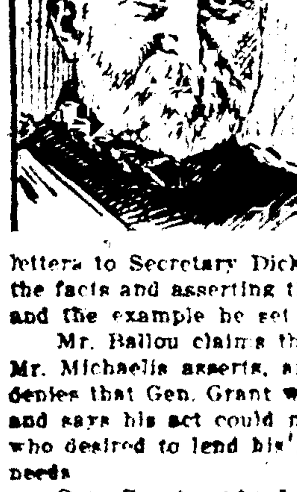
FROM BARON TO A COUNT

In raising the Austrian foreign minister, Alois von Aehrenthal, from the rank of baron to that of count, Emperor Francis Joseph marks his appreciation of the minister's services in bringing about the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Not many months ago Baron Aehrenthal was one of the most abused men in Europe. He was accused of the basest treachery in regard to his dealings with his diplomatic colleagues and was even said to have lied direct to more than one ambassador in Vienna. Recent diplomatic disclosures have shown, however, that in this much-vexed question of the Bosnian annexation Austria's hand was forced by the precipitate action of the crafty Prince Ferdinand in declaring the independence of Bulgaria, and that the Viennese statesman was not to blame as much as had been too hastily assumed. Of course in Austria-Hungary, after the annexation had been peaceably accomplished, Aerenthal was the hero of the hour and his advance in [illegible] has long been prophesied.

Count Aehrenthal has made a rapid rise. To be ambassador at St. Petersburg at 38 and foreign minister at 48 is not given to many diplomats. Aehrenthal has always been a diplomat. He began his career at 26 as an attache of the embassy in Paris and went from there to St. Petersburg. Next he spent some years in the foreign office in Vienna and then went back to St. Petersburg as councilor of embassy. After that he was minister at Bucharest and a year later went again to Russia, this time as ambassador. He is clever and hard-working, too. His predecessor, Count Goluchowski, was a more brilliant statesman, but is said not to have loved hard work.

As aristocratic ancestors go in the dual monarchy, Count Aehrenthal's family is by no means an ancient one. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Lexas, which is Aehrenthal's family name, were merely respectable citizens of Prague. Then came a certain Johann Anton Lexa with a genius for finance and he made a lot of money by starting an insurance company in Bohemia against damage from fire, floods and weather catastrophes in general. The institution flourished and Johann bought lands and became a country gentleman. He was ennobled by the king of Bavaria and later received a Bohemian title. His grandson, Johann Baptiste, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Bohemia, but was not otherwise prominent. He left three sons, the second of whom is the present minister of foreign affairs for Austria-Hungary.

HEADED "DRY" PARADE



A literary controversy of considerable magnitude is growing out of the action of Gen. Frederick Dent Grant in leading the temperance parade in Chicago in the uniform of the United States army.

Following the letter written to Secretary of War Dickinson by W. R. Michaelis, an official of the United Societies for Local Self-Government, in which he severely criticised Gen. Grant's action and demanded to know what stand the war department would take in the matter, two ardent temperance workers came to the defense of the assailed officer.

Dr. H. C. Newton, secretary of the temperance and law enforcement parade committee and A. P. Ballou of the Hamilton club are the men who take issue with Mr. Michaelis. They also wrote letters to Secretary Dickinson declaring that Mr. Michaelis had exaggerated the facts and asserting that Gen. Grant deserved honor for the stand he took and the example he set to the rising generation.

Mr. Ballou claims that the parade was not a partisan demonstration, as Mr. Michaelis asserts, and that men of all parties marched in it. He also denies that Gen. Grant wore the full uniform of a United States army officer, and says his act could not be taken as other than that of a private citizen who desired to lend his personal influence to a movement Chicago peculiarly needs.

Gen. Grant contends that he [illegible] the right to [illegible] in the par[illegible] he [illegible] his [illegible]

PURE SPICES For Canning and Pickling

We have a complete line of absolutely pure spices, in any quantity. If you want carefully selected, mixed spices try ours. They have just the right body, just the right aroma, all blended in perfect harmony. Also Corker Sealing Wax, Paraffin Wax, Rosin, Plaster Paris, stocked especially for Pickling and Preserving. : : : : : : : : :

ORNER DRUG STORE - - - F. F. HOWD

ss some of the sweet things in life — but don't miss pleasures of a box of

Huyler's

Central Pharmacy
WELLSBORO

Change in oal Prices

effect Sept. 1, 1909. Deliv- within borough limits:

....	500 lbs.	$1.35
Stove, Egg...	500 lbs.	1.75
screened......	500 lbs.	1.00
run mine......	500 lbs.	.90
....	2000 lbs.	4.75
Stove, Egg...	2000 lbs.	6.25
screened......	2000 lbs.	3.50
run mine......	2000 lbs.	3.00

1000 pound lots same rate as 2000.

Maple Wood, per cord, $1.75
ck Wood, per cord...... 1.75

D. M. SPALDING

Local Notices.

EST cash price paid for hides, d poultry. F. R. FISCHLER. 8-tf.

WOOD.—Orders for stove eceived at F. R. Fischler's —Oct. 28-tf.

EN supper at First Baptist to-morrow evening at usual Fricasseed chicken and bis- All invited.

THOUGHT READING ROOM.— every Tuesday evening at 8 in the Gardner block, over vis grocery. Everybody wel-

EL FLOUR.—Another car load igh grade Spring Patent Flour and we are selling it at $1.50 , cash.
GEO. C. & F. A. BROOKS,
in street and Wellsboro Roller Oct. 28-2t.

Change in Schedule.

New York Central has discon- a number of Sunday trains on ill Brook and its branches. ticket agents for particulars.

"Out in Idaho."

best dramatic manager will hat no play is a sure success has stood the test of a public e. No play reader is sure ing out a success even if the lar play pleases him or his r better than any other read cade. "Out in Idaho" which at the Auditorium to-mor- ening, has stood the test of ds of western audiences, and sterners, above all other peo- the first to condemn a wes- ay. Some people are under pression that a western play of shooting and knife play. a delusion. The people there t natural. The drama must ural now-a-days to be liked. must be natural if he is to ected. The cast is headed s Dorothy Kurtis, who was nd brought up on a ranch in Montana.

A Play of the West.

Out in Idaho," which visits ditorium to-morrow evening, overs of the drama will have ortunity to witness a western at according to the advance is not overdrawn, but to the y is so true of the life of ly west that the characters breath before you and for a ne almost smells the dust of elt. "Out in Idaho" is a play g life in the early west when civilization was in the mak- n those strange days people from God knows where, join- s in that far western land and ng to the rude customs of the their very names were soon unrecorded, and here they ed, laughed, gambled, cursed, loved and worked out their destinies in a manner incred- us of to-day. Of one thing are sure, they live

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1909.

New Advertisements.

Out in Idaho—Dartt & Dartt.
For Sale Right—Herrick Agency.
Sale for Cash—Max Bernkopf & Bro.
Register's Notice—R. W. Field, Register.
A Good Combination—First National Bank.
A Great Under Price Sale—L.B. Finkelstein
Orphan's Court Notice—R. W. Field, Clerk.
Big Values in Jewel Ranges—Roberts Hardware Co.

Late Local Brevities.

—Election next Tuesday.

—Boil your drinking water.

—"Out in Idaho" to-morrow evening.

—Mrs. F. H. Rose is visiting friends at Mansfield.

—Bert Gee, of Sabinsville, was in town Tuesday.

—Hadley's moving pictures next Tuesday evening.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Turner are visiting friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

—Charleston farmers are selling their hay at Arnot for $17 a ton.

—First chapter of "The Brass Bowl," an excellent story, on page two.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Latzer last Saturday morning.

—Mrs. L. R. Horton and son, Leroy, are visiting friends in New York city.

—Mrs. Howard Beckwith, of Tioga, West Va., is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

—Landlord John Curtin, of Morris, had business at the county seat on Tuesday.

—Frank Kelley, of Austin, visited his sister, Miss May Kelley, one day last week.

—A. T. Porter, of Lawrenceville, was in town on legal business last Thursday.

—Ex-Mayor Valentine Rettig, of Corning, was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. Ida Robinson and Miss Bessie Leonard, of Morris, were shopping in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. Frank A. Deans is visiting relatives at Chambersburg, Wrightsville and Philadelphia.

—A. L. Ensworth and Miss Laura Ensworth have been visiting relatives in Elmira the past week.

—T. L. Young has moved from his farm in Charleston to the apartments over Fischler's book store.

—Mrs. William Francis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Wightman, at Horseheads, N. Y.

—R. P. VanDusen, an old veteran of the Civil War, has gone to Elmira to spend the winter with his daughter.

—Miss Marion Peasley, of this place, has opened a millinery shop in the store of W. W. White at Crooked Creek.

—Last week W. W. Miller purchased the handsome Converse residence on Main street now occupied by L. R. Horton.

—Mrs. Foster Bush and Mrs. Albert Gucker, of Elmira, were guests of Mrs. E. W. Gleckler, of East avenue, last week.

—The company which presents "Out in Idaho" at the Auditorium to-morrow evening, showed at Williamsport last evening.

—A daughter was born to ex-Sheriff and Mrs. Frank VanDusen, of Osceola, formerly of Wellsboro, on Monday morning.

—The GAZETTE appreciates the recent compliments from several ladies for its excellent recipes printed weekly on the seventh page.

—Postmaster W. E. Champaign accompanied Messrs. Rockwell and Field on their hunting trip to the Adirondack mountains last week.

—Miss Marie Martin, of the faculty of the Coudersport High School, visited at the home of her parents on Central avenue over Sunday.

—If, as Dr. Elliot contends, there is no hell, we might just as well make up our minds to love our enemies instead of telling them where to go.

—W. R. Etner, carriage ironer at the Wellsboro carriage factory, laid off several days last week on account of a painful injury to his right hand.

—James Kimball, better known as "Dummy," left last Saturday for Jersey Shore, where he joined the "King of Tramps" company as a comedian.

—Managers Dartt & Dartt, of the Auditorium, received a telegram from Northumberland on Tuesday morning, which says: "'Out in Idaho' here last night. Made a big hit. Boost it."

—During the past week W. B. Smith has moved a dwelling house for Joshua Quimby from Walnut street to Mr. Quimby's lot on Sherman street. Mr. Quimby recently purchased the house of Ernest Spencer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Enos B. Moore, of Elmira, formerly of Wellsboro, spent a few days in town last week with friends. Mr. Moore is employed as traveling sa[...]an for the John I. Ni[...] Tobacco Co., of Elmira.

—At the recent District Convention, No. 6, of the Woman's Relief Corps of Pennsylvania, which was held at Lock Haven, Mrs. Julia Harrington, of Wellsboro, was elected S. V. P. The next convention will be held at Mansfield.

—Large congregations greeted Rev. F. S. Parkhurst, the new pastor of the M. E. church, at both the morning and evening service last Sunday. He created a very favorable impression among his parishioners by his forceful and able sermons.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Austin left Tuesday morning for a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Austin, of Wheeling, West Va. They will stop at several places en route to Wheeling, Mr. Austin being employed as a traveling salesman.

—The remains of Miss Bessie Mitchell, of Elmira, who died in St. Joseph's Hospital in that city on Friday, were brought to Wellsboro on Tuesday for burial. The deceased was known in this section as Miss Jones, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jones, of Charleston.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair are visiting at the home of Mr. Blair's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Blair. Mr. Blair, who has been playing with the New York ball team of the American League this season, expects to spend the winter at the home of Mrs. Blair's parents in Lewisburg.

—H. R. Anderson and Miss Floy Watkins, of Mansfield, were married yesterday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Watkins. The groom is well-known in Wellsboro, where he spent several months in compiling the Tioga County Directory, issued as a premium with the Republican Advocate.

—Miss Edna Ryan, of Wellsboro, and John A. Haupt, of Elmira, were married last Thursday morning by Rev. N. S. Boardman at the Emmanuel Episcopal church in Elmira. A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Thos. Dunning, after which Mr. and Mrs. Haupt left for a few days visit in this borough.

—Rev. Melvin Hill, the evangelist, well-known in Wellsboro, has been appointed as assistant pastor of the Washington Boulevard Church at Kansas City, Kansas. Mr. Hill will have entire charge of the music in all departments of the church. Mrs. Hill, formerly Miss Lizzie Jackson, of Wellsboro, will serve as pipe organist, a position which she has very capably filled in the Baptist and Methodist churches of this borough.

—The demand for oleomargarine as a substitute for butter is increasing rapidly in Wellsboro. With butter at 35 cents a pound and oleo selling five pounds for a dollar, many people prefer the cheaper article. D. S. Corsaw, the only dealer of oleo in Wellsboro, says he is at present disposing of about 500 pounds a week. With butter at a price almost prohibitive to any but the rich there is little surprise in the fact that oleo is getting better acquainted with the people—and the people with oleo.

—Mrs. Briggs, of Delta, Ohio, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John A. Latzer.

—Samuel J. Giles, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. M. Roy.

—Benefit performance for the Union Veteran Legion at Dreamland to-night. Buy a ticket.

—At Blossburg last Saturday the Wellsboro foot ball team was defeated by a score of 5 to 0.

—Mrs. A. H. Baker, of Elmira, was the guest of Mrs. F. C. Williams several days last week.

—Mrs. Annie E. Snyder is dangerously ill with pneumonia at the home of her son, J. L. Snyder.

—Max Brewster has secured a position with the Wells Fargo Express Company in Jersey City.

—Special pictures to-night at Dreamland for the benefit of the Union Veteran Legion. Don't miss them.

—Miss Lillian Thurber, of Wellsville, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her brother, Station Agent William Thurber.

—Mrs. Fay F. Howd and her two children left on Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Herrick Center, Susquehanna county.

—It is said that a Wellsboro firm, conducting a grocery and market, has applied for a license for the sale of oleomargarine.

—Mrs. E. W. Gleckler entertained a company of ladies at a card party at her home on East avenue last Thursday afternoon.

—Mrs. A. G. Kibbe, her daughter, Miss Geraldine Kibbe, and son, Stewart Kibbe, left on Tuesday morning for Buffalo, where they expect to spend the winter.

—Mrs. J. A. Corbin, of New York city, is spending a few days in town, stopping at the Coles House. Mrs. Corbin will be remembered by many Wellsboro people as Miss Marie Overton.

—John L. Fay, of Corning, formerly of Wellsboro, was in town yesterday calling on friends. Mr. Fay and his sister, Miss Georgia Fay, have moved to Bath, N. Y., to reside.

—Miss Lucy L. Austin has gone to Newton Center, Mass., where she will enter a preparatory school. Her mother, Mrs. R. R. Austin, will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Louis Warren, at Ralston.

—J. H. Putnam and Miss Bertha Wright, both of Lawrenceville, were married at the Presbyterian manse last Wednesday. Mr. Putnam is a well-known merchant of Lawrenceville, having been engaged in the grocery business in that place for many years.

—James Dwyer was in town between trains on Monday while enroute to his home at Antrim for a few days visit. Mr. Dwyer is now located at Lansford, Carbon county, where he has a fine position as chief electrical engineer with a coal company of that place. His duties require about 17 hours out of every 24, Sunday included, and he has been given a two weeks' vacation.

—Messrs. J. A. Reese and O. H. Evans are making an effort to secure the Llanelly Royal Welsh Prize Choir, of Wales, to give a concert at the Auditorium on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 25th. This choir, which is composed of 30 voices, have sung before King Edward, of England, the German Emperor and other royal music lovers. A concert by this celebrated choir would be a rare musical treat for Wellsboro.

—Fred C. Etner and Miss Mary Louise Yahn were united in marriage yesterday afternoon at one o'clock at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. A. Etner, on Hastings street. Rev. A. C. Shaw officiated, the ceremony being witnessed by relatives and a few invited guests. Following the ceremony a sumptuous wedding dinner was served. The groom is a well-known cigar maker and his bride was formerly employed as a saleslady in the Bernkopf store. We join with the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Etner in extending congratulations. They will occupy the new house corner of Hastings street and Brewery lane, recently purchased of Herman F. Yahn by Mrs. Etner.

—The Williamsport Sun says: "William Sullivan dined a number of his friends at the European hotel Tuesday night in honor of his approaching marriage to Miss Nellie Keating, of Antrim, Pa. During the evening Mr. Sullivan was presented a clock and other presents as a token of esteem from his friends. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride at Antrim on Wednesday."

—A party of Galeton hunters captured three bears in traps in one week recently on Bear Hollow, a tributary of Kettle Creek.

—Burglars forced entrance to the Erie station at Mansfield last Friday night, but did not succeed in getting any booty.

We can see no great reason why any of the proposed constitutional amendments should be adopted, but we can see very many grave reasons why the seventh proposed amendment should be defeated. In the first place, it would take from the citizen the most important of his electoral rights. We are all more interested in the election of a president than in that of a judge of election, but as a matter of fact the local office is the more important to the average citizen. Besides, upon the character of the election boards depends the integrity of the ballot. If the citizen abdicates his right to a voice in the selection of the election boards he consents to any form of ballot frauds and electoral immorality which the majority party may choose to impose. For these and dozens of other reasons vote against the proposed constitutional amendment marked No. 7.

BACHE AUDITORIUM
DARTT & DARTT, Managers.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29th

FREDERICK N. BUSH
PRESENTS A
GREAT PLAY OF THE WEST

OUT IN IDAHO

Lavishly Presented
Correctly Costumed
Pretty Musical Numbers
Notable Cast of Players

INCLUDING
CHARLOTTE WESTON
as BESS CARSON
AND
EDWIN FRANKLIN
as BOB SHERWOOD

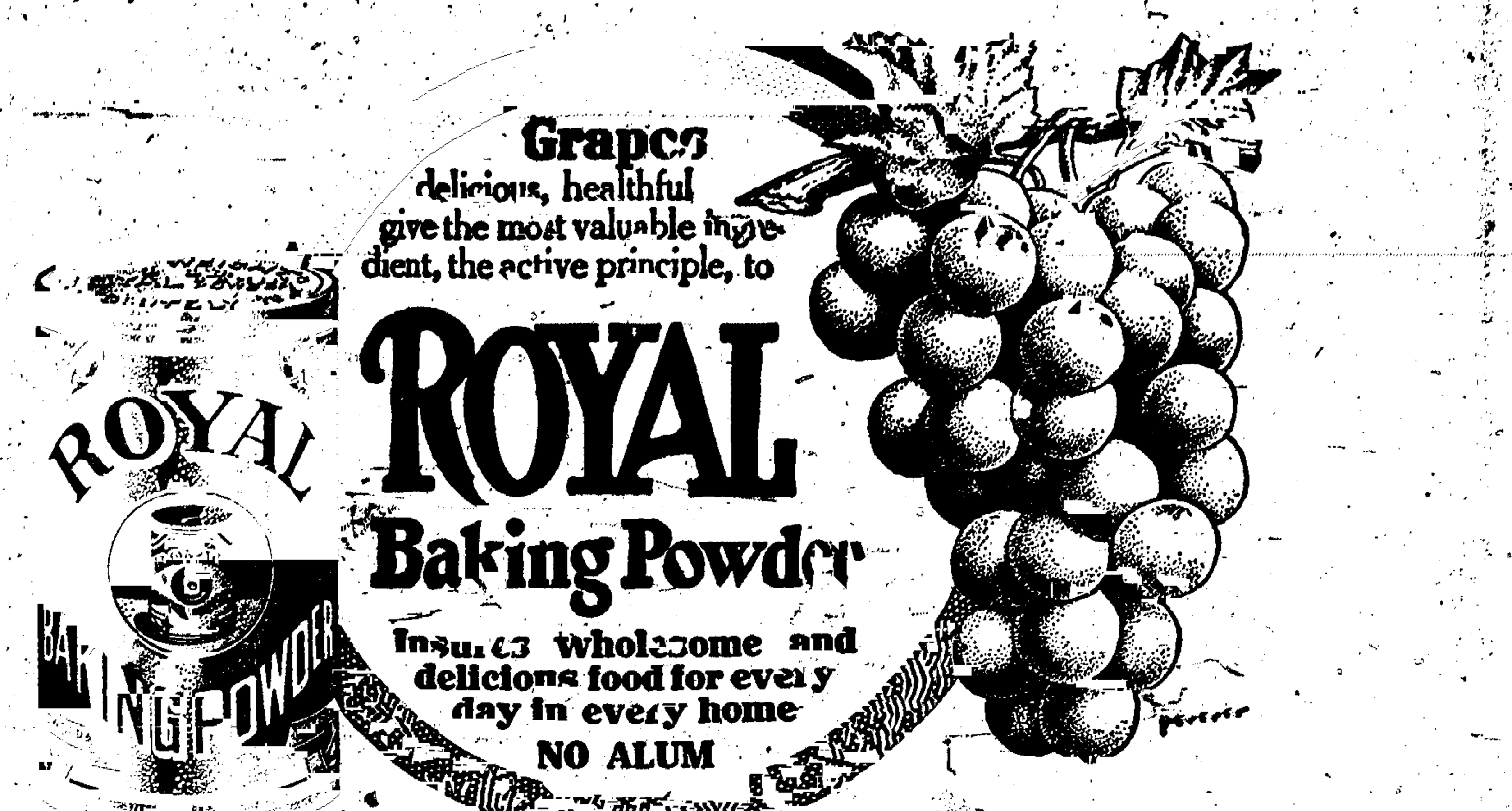
PRICES, 25, 35 and 50 Cts.
Seats on sale at Howd's Drug Store.

Bargains in Pictures

In sorting over the stock of R. L. VanHorn & Son we find a great many things that we shall immediately dispose of at some price. This week we have about 25 framed pictures, regular price from 35c. to $2.50. These will be sold at from 15c. to $1.00.

Also a lot of 10c. articles at 5c.

FISCHLER BOOK STORE



—F. E. Reinwald, of the firm of Reinwald Bros., of Watrous, was seriously injured by a runaway accident a few days ago. While attempting to make a short turn in the road about a mile above Marshlands the wagon was upset, pinning Mr. Reinwald underneath and dragging him some distance before he succeeded in stopping the horses. His collar bone was broken and he sustained several severe cuts about the head and face, besides other injuries.

—Lynn H. Hall, chief clerk at the Mansfield Normal School, and Miss Myra Gaige, of Mansfield, will be married to-day at the home of the bride's mother.

—H. M. Griggs, who conducts a meat market and general store at Mansfield, has taken out a license for the sale of oleomargarine.

House and Lot for Sale.

ON KELSEY STREET, Wellsboro, Pa. Address, Mrs. Charles Fischler, 601 Briggs St., Harrisburg, Pa.—Oct 21-4t.

Cash Paid for Poultry.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE paid for all kinds of live poultry.
R. J. DUNHAM,
Oct. 14, 1909-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

A PRIZE OF $100
ASK FOR PARTICULARS

Also look over our new line of "Style Craft" Suits, Coats, Skirts, etc., for Fall and Winter.

DON'T FORGET OUR BARGAIN ROOM

Robinson & March
79 MAIN STREET, SECOND FLOOR
WELLSBORO, PA.

Ashtabula, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1909.
Rural Home Chemical Co.,
Wellsboro, Pa.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find our check to balance account. Please send us a complete list of your supplies, as we wish to give you an order.
Yours truly,
THE HORTON MILLING CO.
They sell Rural Home Medication and Germo.

AN ENDORSED CHECK
GIVES NO GROUND FOR DISPUTE

¶ The endorsement on the back of each check is evidence that the party received payment.
¶ The endorsement makes each check an indisputable receipt for the amount paid and there will be no need to pay any bill the second time.
¶ Pay by check—its's the safe way—the only way.

We Will Furnish Bank Book and Check Book Free
And Will Welcome the Small Account the Same as the Large One

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

THE YEAR IS GROWING OLDER!! SO ARE YOU
HAVE YOU GOT YOUR MONEY IN BANK?
IT GROWS THERE

You will grow old; your earning powers will fail. Few men are so prosperous to-day that they can afford to overlook this. Are you getting ready for old age? The day you start a Savings Account you will feel younger and happier. TRY IT. BEGIN NOW.

Nearly half a million capital and surplus is the protection which the FIRST NATIONAL, of Wellsboro, gives you---and 3½ per cent. is the interest allowed in our Savings Department. A good combination.

The "SELBY SHOE" and the "ULTRA"

Are the acknowledged leaders in ladies' footwear. For style, comfort and wearing qualities they take the lead. We have these shoes in various styles and leathers and are in receipt of the latest from these factories.

"Walk Overs" and "Bench Made"
FOR THE MEN

"School Boy's Pride"
The shoe for wear. Has your boy had a pair? Why not?

SMITH & STONE
FINE FOOTWEAR

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the executors, administrators and guardians named below have filed their accounts in the Register's office for Tioga county, Pa., and that the said accounts will be presented to the Orphans' Court to be held at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa., in said county, on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1909, at 2 p. m., for confirmation nisi, and will be finally confirmed on MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1909, at 2 p. m., unless cause be shown why said accounts should not be confirmed.

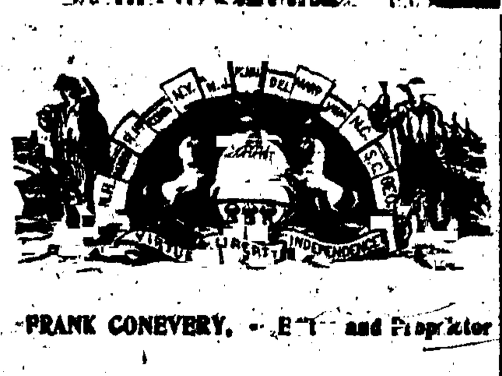
First and final account of G. W. Watkins, Administrator [illegible] of the estate of S. L. Robbins, late of [illegible] township, deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] Administrator of the estate of Charles [illegible], late of Delmar township, deceased.

Final account of A. H. Updyke, late of Jackson township, deceased.

RANSFORD W. FIELD,
Oct. 28, 1909-3t Register.

The Gazette.



FRANK CONEVERY, - E T and Proprietor

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR JUSTICE OF SUPREME COURT,
C. LA RUE MUNSON.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
J. WOOD CLARK.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
GEORGE W. KIPP.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF,
ARTHUR B. WHEELER.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
WILLIAM D. RAMSDELL.

If Roosevelt would just kill one particular elephant! But he would not dare with Taft leading it.

It is as difficult for Jeffries and Johnson to get into fighting trim as it was for the G. O. P. to revise the tariff downward.

Vote for Munson for Justice of the Supreme Court and be sure that you will be voting to put a clean, able jurist on the bench.

If the lawyers are for Cyrus LaRue Munson, it ought to be plain to the laity that he is the man to be elected to the Supreme Court Bench.

When you cast your vote for Moschzisker, you vote as your party dictates; when you vote for Cyrus LaRue Munson, you vote as your manhood dictates.

All of Central Pennsylvania, all of Northern Pennsylvania are unrepresented upon the Supreme Court, and the election of Robert Von Moschzisker, of Philadelphia, will continue the present unfairness to the great interest of all interior Pennsylvania. A vote for Cyrus LaRue Munson will be a vote to place an interior State upon the Supreme Court Bench.

Cyrus LaRue Munson, the nominee for Justice of the Supreme Court, is a friend of labor, and in the establishments, employing larger numbers of men, with whose management he is closely indentified, there are no strikes or lockouts. When any question arise between the men and the management, Mr. Munson at once interests himself in the matter and arranges a satisfactory adjustment.

Prince Ito, former Japanese president of Korea, and probably Japan's foremost statesman, was assassinated at Harbin, Manchuria, on Tuesday afternoon by a Korean who had followed him there for the purpose of killing him. The motive for the assassination was revenge. The assassin was arrested. Prince Ito played an important part in the framing of the recent treaty between Japan and China, relating to railway construction in Manchuria. The treaty was concluded on August 31 and has been considered by many diplomats a violation of the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia. He was 68 years of age.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

One wonders if the cases of the so-called Capitol Grafters ever will be concluded, or whether the matter will drag on through the courts until death has completely robbed justice of her dues. The latest development in the matter is the granting of an appeal for a review by the Supreme Court of the State; and some small satisfaction may possibly be derived through the knowledge that the limit is now nearly reached. During the campaign of 1906 Governor Stuart personally assured the people of Pennsylvania that if money had been unlawfully drawn from the treasury during the construction and furnishing of the State capitol he would see that the perpetrators of the crimes should be punished and the money restored to the vaults. Nearly three years have elapsed since Governor Stuart was installed in the office to which he was elected as a result of such promise. Four of the conspirators have been tried and convicted but none of them have been punished and not a dollar of the stolen money has been restored. Is this fulfilling the promises made with a full understanding of their meaning

The State is ready, we are told, to try Huston, but the attorneys are so busy with other cases and the courts so accommodating that nothing has been done so far. But a man who steals a ham or passes a bad check would hardly be saved from trial on the plea that his lawyer was busy. He would be told to get another one, and given short shrift to do it in. Who says Pennsylvania law is no respecter of persons, or that political circumstances do not invariably alter legal cases?

—Mrs. John Burkhart, of Liberty, [illegible] on Monday afternoon at [illegible] Mrs. C. [illegible]

JUSTICE PECKHAM DEAD

Associate on United States Supreme Bench Since 1895, He Was [illegible] Years Old.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Rufus W Peckham, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is dead at his summer home, Coolmore, in Altamont, twelve miles from Albany.

All of Justice Peckham's court work which had been specially assigned to him was completed before he left Washington, in June, for the summer vacation. He had been at Coolmore since then with Mrs. Peckham. He had long been in ill health, but had been able to keep at work. He suffered an attack of acute indigestion on August 23, but he seemed to rally from this, and had notified Chief Justice Fuller that he would be ready to resume his work in Washington last week. He had even obtained his transportation to the national capital.

Justice Peckham's indigestion returned two weeks ago and complications sets in which renedered his condition serious, although not critical until within the last few days. The immediate cause of death was angina pectoris.

Arrangements had been made early last week for the removal of the Peckham household to Washington, and it was decided yesterday to bring Justice Peckham to the Hotel Ten Eyck, in this city, tomorrow, in the belief that he would recover sufficiently in a short time to resume his duties in Washington. He was attended during his illness by Dr. Henry Hun, of Albany, and Dr. A. Barton, of Altamont.

Rufus Wheeler Peckham was born in Albany, N. Y., on November 8, 1838. He was a son of Rufus W. Peckham, an eminent lawyer, who was Judge of the Supreme Court from 1859 to 1869, sitting for this district, and who served on the Court of Appeals until his death in 1873. His mother was Isabella Lacey Peckham, of Albany. Both parents were drowned when the steamer Volle de Havre sank in midocean in November, 1873. During his residence in Albany, Mr. Cleveland frequently consulted with Justice Peckham, and his advice proved his capacity as a jurist and later led Mr. Cleveland, when President, in 1895, to appoint him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

CALL ALMSHOUSE APPALLING

Commissioners Charge Neglect of Inmates in Dutchess County.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 26.—Reports of recent inspectors of the Dutchess County Almshouse, near Hillbrook, made public by the State Board of Charities, recommend a searching inquiry into the administration of Isaac P. Carmen, the County Superintendent of the Poor, for "gross dereliction of duty" and severely criticise the Board of Supervisors for failure to take cognizance of existing conditions, which is characterized as "almost criminal neglect." The record of deaths is declared to be "appalling" and the reports urge better care of the sick and the employment of additional attendants.

Commissioner Joseph C. Baldwin, Jr., of the Ninth Judicial district, reports that in view of the severe criticism made of the Dutchess County Almshouse by Inspector Hall, he visited the institution and "found that no exaggeration of the state of affairs had been made."

SENATOR M'CARREN DEAD

Famous Politician Dies After Operation for Appendicitis.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26.—Senator Patrick H. McCarren died in St. Catherine's Hospital, Williamsburg. All hope had been given up several hours before, and it as recognized by the Senator as well as by those about him that the end was but a matter of a little time. The patient suffered a great deal of pain during the latter hours of his life.

Patrick Henry McCarren was one of the most active and picturesque forces in American politics. He was born in Cambridge Mass., sixty years ago, and came to Brooklyn with his parents when he was three years old. He lived for many years with his aged mother. When a young man he married, and his wife and five children died within a few weeks of each other and he never remarried. In fact, many of his friends who knew him after he became prominent in politics did not know that he had ever been married.

OCTOGENARIAN KILLED

His Skull Crushed in on a Farm and a Foreign Youth Suspected.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 26.—John La Chappelle, 80 years old, who lived with his son Joseph on the latter's farm in the Loudenville road, near Albany, was murdered in a room in the carriage house, where he had been sleeping while the farm house was undergoing repairs. The old man's head had been battered in with a machinist's hammer, which was found lying close to the bed.

Fred Filici, an Austrian, about 18 years old, who had been employed on the farm, is missing, and the police have sent out a general alarm for his arrest.

MRS. ASTOR ASKS SEPARATION

Suit Revealed by Selection of a Referee—Is Fought Bitterly.

New York, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Through the naming of C. H. Young of No. 76 William street as referee in the case it became known that Mrs. John Jacob Astor is suing for a separation. So secretly have all the steps in the action been taken and so quietly have the courts acted in the case that news of the suit was kept from the public without [illegible]. The reason for the action has been carefully concealed, but both parties are fighting it with determination, husband and wife being represented by prominent law [illegible]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Covering Minor Happenings All Around the Globe.

Alfred Farlow, a leader of the Christian Science Church in Boston, says the talk of Mrs. Stetson being substituted for Mrs. Eddy is idle.

The wife of Mr. Felix Isman, a Philadelphia real estate operator and theatrical backer, won a divorce suit.

President Taft, before an audience of ten thousand persons at St. Louis, denounced as a "pork barrel" scheme the plan for a waterways appropriation of $500,000,000 or $1,000,000,000.

John Gavron, a recluse, was found murdered in a clump of bushes at West Egg Harbor, N. J., and a friend of his had disappeared.

Health Officer Doty and two assistants at New York in 510 minutes vaccinated 1,045 passengers on the Greek steamship Themistocles.

Approximately $35,000,000 is due to New York city for tax and interest on franchises. These franchises have been advertised for sale and will go under the hammer unless payment is soon made.

Dr. Cook said, at Toledo, that he would be ready to submit his North Pole proofs to Copenhagen within two months, and possibly within a month.

The Home Missions Council decided to begin a national advertising campaign for the evangelization of America.

Within three weeks Hempstead (L. I.) Township has received offers of $100,000, $250,000 and $500,000 for 1,040 acres of land.

WASHINGTON.

Officials at Washington indicated that a New York man may be named to succeed Justice Peckham on the Supreme Bench.

The United States Supreme Court adjourned for a week in respect to the memory of Associate Justice Peckham.

Miss Maude Converse, one of the society leaders of Washington, has opened a millinery establishment in the fashionable Northwest district. Miss Converse is a daughter of the late Rear Admiral Converse.

Many more employees of the customs service at the port of New York have confessed receiving bribes under the Government's promise of immunity. Citizens do not favor the retention of the confessed grafters and criticise Collector Loeb for keeping them.

Senor Don Emilio C. Joubert, Minister to the United States from San Domingo, returning to Washington, looks for prosperity in his country when a new tariff and banking laws have been enacted.

The National Geographic Society at Washington appointed three experts to examine Commander Peary's polar records.

Wilbur Wright took Lieutenants Lahm and Humphreys up for flights of about nineteen minutes each at the government's aviation field, College Park.

FOREIGN.

Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, arrived at Copenhagen and repeated that he was confident that Dr. Cook had found the pole.

Spain's new Cabinet has decided not to push further the campaign in Morocco and Barcelona authorities are urging a restoration of normal conditions.

Russia and Italy are united in a determination to maintain peace in the Balkans.

King Victor entertained the Czar with an automobile excursion, a pheasant-shoot and a state dinner.

Prince Ito's mission in Manchuria is believed in Pekin to be an attempt to forestall protests of the Powers against China's agreement with Japan.

King Alfonso has ceased to take daily outings, threatening letters fill his mail, he is sleepless, has no appetite and it is feared that his health will give way.

The coroner's inquest in the case of William I. Buchanan, who died suddenly in London, showed that death was due to heart disease.

The University of Copenhagen maintains its right to the first examination of Dr. Cook's polar records, refusing to grant the request of the National Geographic Society.

Emperor Nicholas sailed from Yalta for Italy; he will make a short stay at Odessa; many troops have been massed at Racconigi, where the Czar will meet King Victor Emmanuel.

With what complacency must the lady who uses Glenn's Sulphur Soap glance at her miror, for there she sees reflected a complexion devoid of blemish. This peerless purifier may be relied upon to remedy all skin irritations. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

First a cold, then bronchitis. Check the first with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

91 Acre Farm Close to Wellsboro For Sale Right

We are offering for sale a productive farm of 91 acres, located 1 1-2 miles from Wellsboro, Pa., on R. F. D. and telephone line. Smooth hill land, 55 acres under cultivation, 30 in pasture, 6 in hardwood timber, fine sugar brush. Chocolate loam and red shale soil. Watered by springs and creek, fair fences, fair orchard. 10-room house in good repair, barn 30x40 with lean-to 16x40 and ell 22x36, basement under all of barn. Barn is in fine condition with silo. This farm is one mile from school, 2 miles from condensary, 1 1-2 miles from railroad station. Price $4,200. Terms $2,500 cash, balance in yearly payments. Will sell stock and tools at fair price. Possession at once.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Cyrus LaRue Munson Endorsed

BY THE
MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION
OF WILLIAMSPORT

At a largely attended regular monthly meeting of that body held October 11th, 1909, every minister present being heartily in favor of Cyrus LaRue Munson for the Supreme Court, the following resolution was passed:

WHEREAS, Cyrus LaRue Munson, of this city, has been nominated for the office of Justice of the Supreme Court, and

WHEREAS, we know him to be a Christian gentleman who in a long life in this community has exhibited a high moral character, a broad philanthropy and a church activity which have won the admiration and confidence of us all, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the Ministerial Association, of Williamsport, endorse Mr. Munson for this great office, and earnestly hope that the citizens of the State will take advantage of the opportunity to secure the services of a man of such character and attainments.

Study the proposed constitutional amendments. The proposition to give the Pennsylvania legislature the right to fix the manner of "appointing election officers." The constitution now provides for their election by the people. The proposed amendment would confer upon the legislature the authority to require that they be "appointed." Suppose the legislature would require that they be appointed by the Republican state committee or by a commission headed by Sam Salter.

The people of Philadelphia can easily elect Clarence Gibbony to the office of district attorney if they only indicate an inclination to favor the same sort of men for other offices. It is as important that honest men be in the offices of auditor general and state treasurer as that the district attorney of Philadelphia be honest. This is a time for honest men to pull together for honesty in all branches of the public service.

Speaker Cannon represents his party, and if he is lax in morals it is because his party prefers people of that sort. No stream is purer than its fountain or more impure. Cannon is foul-mouthed, but he is the ideal of his party, and there is no reason why he should change his methods of life or forms of expression.

Graves-Mathers Co.

We Need the Money

Cash Trade and Collections Are Slow

Therefore Until NOVEMBER 1st

WE OFFER OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS AT COST FOR CASH ONLY

NO SAMPLES

Graves-Mathers Co.

J. Wood Clark, Democratic nominee for Auditor General, is a son of the late Silas M. Clark, who led the Democracy of Pennsylvania as its nominee for justice of the supreme court to victory in 1882 and the son will perform the service this year which his father did then.

The managers of the Democratic campaign this year are more confident and energetic than they have been for a long time. There is victory in the air and it inspires every one to effort.

The record of A. E. Sisson and J. E. Stober show that they are unfit for public office. They have served the machine instead of the people on every occasion.

The political conditions this year are precisely like those of 1905 when William H. Berry was elected state treasurer by nearly 100,000 majority. The same result can be brought about this year if the Democrats of Pennsylvania are equally vigilant and energetic.

ORPHAN'S COURT NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following inventories of real and personal estate selected to be retained by the widow and children of decedents, will be presented in the Orphans' Court to be held at the Court House in Wellsboro, in Tioga county, Pa., on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1909, at 2 p. m., for confirmation nisi, and will be finally confirmed on MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1909, unless cause be shown why said accounts should not be confirmed:

Estate of Wallace D. Beach, late of Clymer township, deceased; widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of Lewis M. Blair, late of Wellsboro, deceased; widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of John Black, late of Liberty township, deceased; widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of Orin L. Copp, late of Wellsboro, deceased; widow's inventory of real estate.

Estate of Ward B. Soper, late of Rutland township, deceased; widow's inventory of personal property.

In the matter of the estate of Lewis M. Blair, late of Wellsboro, deceased; inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate of the estate of said decedent elected to be retained and set apart to Angie S. Blair, widow, as prescribed in Article 2, Section 1 Act of April 1, 1909.

RANSFORD W. FIELD,
Oct. 28, 1909-3t. Clerk of Orphans' Court.

Cash Paid for Poultry.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE paid for all kinds of live poultry. C. D. DAVIS, Middlebury Center, Pa. Farmers' phone.—Aug. 26-tf.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch at GAZETTE office.

Everything Bright, New and Up-to-Date in

FURNITURE

CALL AND LET US CONVINCE YOU.

Prices Lower Than Ever Before

Undertaking

in all its branches. Night calls promptly attended to.

W. L. HORAM

37 Main St., WELLSBORO, PA.

SALE FOR CASH

OF

Men's, Women's & Children's Hosiery and Underwear.

Thursday, Oct. 28, to Saturday, Nov. 6

This is the second of our series of Cash Sales planned to immediately reduce all lines in which we are overstocked.

During the coming week we will offer Men's, Women's and Children's high-grade Underwear and Hosiery at tremendous reductions under regular prices.

Remember, in reading the astonishing prices which follow, that these are our regular stocks, comprising the best made and most dependable hosiery and underwear to be had.

These Reduced Stocks will be Sold for STRICTLY CASH PRICES. No Sale Goods Charged or Sold for Goods Taken in Exchange.

Ladies' 50c. Union Suits, 30c.
Only a few odd sizes of Ladies' Fleece-lined Union Suits, were 50c; our cash sale price.............. **30c**

30c. Fleece-lined Vests, 22c.
Size 4 only, Ladies' Fleece-lined Vests, were 30c; cash sale price, **22c**

Ladies' 50c. Fleeced Vests, 39c.
Ladies' Fleeced Vests, size 4, 50c values; cash sale price......... **39c**

$1.00 Wool Union Suits, 50c.
Wool Union Suits for ladies, broken sizes, were $1.00; cash sale price.............. **50c**

60c. Ribbed Union Suits, 39c.
Ladies' Ribbed Union Suits, 60c values; cash sale price.............. **39c**

50c. Fleece-lined Pants, 39c.
Ladies' Fleece-lined Pants, extra good 50c values; cash sale price, **39c**

Men's 50c. Underwear, 39c.
Men's Jersey Ribbed Fleeced Underwear, 50c. values; cash sale price, per garment.............. **39c**

Men's 25c. Wool Hose, 3 Pair 50c.
A splendid Wool Half-hose for men, well worth 25c; cash sale price, per pair, 18c, 3 pairs for **50c**

30c. Boys' Leather Stockings, 22c
Our famous Boys' Leather Stockings, with triple knee, heel and toes, extra heavy weight, the best boys' stocking made, 25c and 30c regular, sizes 5½ to 10½; cash sale price.............. **22c**

Men's 25c. Fine Wool Hose, 19c.
Broken lots of Men's Wool and Cashmere Hose, all 25c values; cash sale price.............. **19c**

Children's 30c. Wool Hose, 18c.
One lot of Children's Wool Hose, sizes quite badly broken, were 25c and 30c per pair; sale price, **18c**

Ladies' 25c. Fine Ribbed Hose, 19c
Ladies' fine Ribbed Cotton Hose, black, all sizes, one of our exceptional values at 25c; cash sale price, per pair.............. **19c**

Ladies' $1 Wool Underwear, 75c
One lot of Ladies' Wool Underwear in camel hair and scarlet, broken run of sizes, $1.00 values; cash sale price, per garment...... **75c**

These begin to be busy days in the Garment Section. When we say "Wooltex" everybody knows that it means style-correctness and the best fit and wear it is possible to give.

Max Bernkopf & Bro
WELLSBORO'S [illegible] DEPARTMENT [illegible]

The Bernkopf showing of Coats and Suits, Waists, Dresses, etc., is one of our most remarkable achievements. We await you—it is a pleasure to show them.

NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN

BUSY MOTT STREET

NO[illegible]ER civilization, gauged by other moral standards, restrained, or unrestrained, of other laws and codes, has for many years existed in New York under the eyes [illegible]es of that city's people and [illegible]icials. In this sphere men and [illegible] have moved like the flotsam [illegible]dy, against the stream of the [illegible]rithout. The secret rules of [illegible]r provided the only known es[illegible]m the arm of the nation's [illegible]y made men secure in the [illegible]ion of atrocities and veiled [illegible]tence of a set of moral condi[illegible] most beyond comprehension [illegible] past momentary tolerance.

[illegible]he whole was a [illegible]—hectic fila[illegible] romance and morbid interest [illegible]ppeared to the chance passer [illegible]ightseer to make the place a [illegible] fascinating corner trans[illegible] from another world—far too [illegible] and alluring to be removed. [illegible]lled it Chinatown. It is no [illegible] it is no street in particular, [illegible]t has its center and its boun[illegible] It is rather a degenerate state [illegible]nses.

[illegible]orkers know of it, of course, [illegible] sort of way. Now and then [illegible]s a brawl, a killing of some [illegible] or an opium den raid. These [illegible]tters of course. No one gave [illegible]re than passing attention.

[illegible] however, New York knows [illegible]n in its true perspective. The [illegible]el murder was the first rift [illegible]loud that obscured the fact. [illegible]mist itself is dissipated. New [illegible]ows that Chinatown—the [illegible]t the place—is one of its [illegible]nost unthinkable problems.

[illegible]est outrage in Chinatown—a [illegible]t brews outrages faster than [illegible]re hatches mosquitoes—is the [illegible] of a pretty mill girl of [illegible]en and her imprisonment in [illegible] den, where she was sub[illegible] horrifying cruelties.

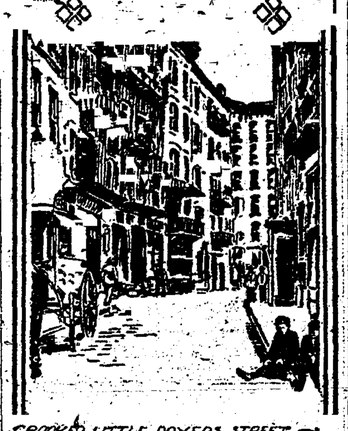
[illegible]ost recent unfortunate is [illegible] Braun, 15 years old, blue-[illegible] inclined to be just a little [illegible] Christina's case differs from [illegible]ndreds of other girls who [illegible]n victim to the lures of Chi[illegible]nly in the fact that she had [illegible] fortune to escape before she [illegible] slave to opium—the su[illegible]l of this most vicious hole in [illegible]st metropolis.

[illegible]l went to Coney Island with [illegible]nds on a Sunday. She lost [illegible]anions in the crowd and, [illegible]ter wandering about for a [illegible]t into a chop suey "joint" to [illegible] to eat. There she was [illegible] and the next thing she re[illegible] she was being carried [illegible]he labyrinthal hallway to a [illegible] den.

[illegible]l fought desperately to get [illegible] two Chinese who were [illegible]her along the floor of the [illegible] but she was beaten into in[illegible] When she next recov[illegible]ciousness she was in a dim[illegible] room and a hideous China[illegible]eaning over her, leering into [illegible]

[illegible]e girl screamed and fought [illegible] of the place, but was [illegible]enseless. Between beatings [illegible]ade to understand that she [illegible]lave of her captor and that [illegible]hing she could do would be [illegible] quiet. But devious, dark and [illegible]hinatown is, news will travel [illegible] the girl had not been in the [illegible] than 24 hours before a [illegible]"—a Chinaman who acts as [illegible]n and informer for the po[illegible] two Mulberry street detec[illegible] there was a white girl pris[illegible] where in the colony.

[illegible] set watch and, after a [illegible]eded in starving out and [illegible] Joe Wong, an Americanized [illegible]mbler. The girl was found [illegible]room, her face so bruised [illegible]riends had difficulty in rec[illegible]er when they visited her at [illegible]arters of the Gerry society. [illegible] locked up in the Tombs.



CROOKED LITTLE DOYERS STREET

but he probably will get out of the scrape on the ground that the girl willingly accompanied him to his lair.

A regularly organized traffic in white and Chinese girl slaves exists in Chinatown and every detective who has worked in that section knows it now.

It is true that scores of women fall prey to the Chinese every year by first visiting Chinatown on slumming and sight-seeing trips. Others are attracted there by the gaudy tales about how kind and gentle the Chinese are to women; how well they clothe them and how liberal they are with money. These tales also are nearly all fakes. Anyone who has ever seen a real "hop joint" in Chinatown will never forget the dirt and degradation of it. Some of the wealthier Chinese have apartments that are fitted up in flashy oriental style, and a few of the gambling houses are well furnished. Three or four of the restaurants—mainly patronized by sight-seers—are gaudy in the extreme, but back behind all this, back beyond the tunnels, in the kitchens, the living quarters and up under the roofs of the tottering old buildings, exist squalor and misery such as can scarce be found elsewhere on this continent.

The pitiful story of Moy You and Ngeu Fung, two little Chinese girls, is enough to set the hand of all the world against the slave traders of Chinatown.

These girls were sold—it is believed by the police—to Chinese slave traders in China and smuggled into this country. They fell into the clutches of a Chinese merchant of some means in Chinatown and their tale of the cruelties to which they were subjected was brought to the attention of the Chinese charge d'affaires in Washington. The girls are in the hands of the Gerry society. They declare that they were compelled to work 20 hours a day at cooking, cleaning, scrubbing and covering button molds and that they were beaten almost every day.

Reading of these outrages the average American wonders why the perpetrators are not sent to prison, but it must be remembered that there are no men more wily and skillful in concocting false evidence than dishonest Americanized Chinese. It is next to impossible to obtain evidence against the slave traders of Chinatown that will stand in a court of justice. To begin with any Chinese witness who dares testify against one of his countrymen in New York takes his life in his hand. The boldness of the Chinatown slave trader is almost beyond belief.

Capt. Galvin of the police department, who is in charge of the precinct embracing Chinatown, has worked hard to "clean up" the place and drive the white women out of it, but his efforts have been of little avail. He has come to the conclusion that the "town" needs "cleaning out" instead of "cleaning up," and has recommended this action to Commissioner Baker.

If Galvin had his way he would keep slumming and sight-seeing parties out of Chinatown. The "rubber-neck" wagon often is the net that drags the innocents to the dens.

[illegible]aught How to Prepare Lunch

[illegible] college, Boston, is said to [illegible]nly place in this country [illegible]hen can be trained to plan [illegible]e lunchrooms. The demand [illegible]raining is reported to have trebled during the last two [illegible] more and more cities and [illegible]rds are realizing the neces[illegible]oviding working girls and [illegible]chool children with health[illegible] meals.

[illegible] the Women's Educational [illegible]rial union co-operates with [illegible] board in conducting lunch[illegible] pupils. The school board [illegible]rovide the room, equipment [illegible]ain amount of care, while [illegible] prepares and serves the [illegible]ost. The union pays the [illegible] manage these lunchrooms [illegible]nd their helpers $3. They [illegible]average three hours a day.

[illegible]ers Preferred to Novels.

[illegible]much said nowadays about [illegible]ce of fiction that the [illegible]s out of commission, the author of romance is producing noth[illegible]ing that lives beyond the first edition but is there not a palpable reason for it? It stares one in the face daily from the pages of the newspaper. For behold there the cause for the bar[illegible]renness in literary invention. We are living romances. Nothing in the imagination of man can equal the events, the situations, the passions, the crimes, the marvelous phenomena of life that are pictured in daily print. Culture seizes upon some classic and retires to the closet as if it were a bone to be gnawed in private, but the joy of reading a new and great work of the imagination has departed. Realism, the actual fact, outdoes fiction every day. The mere story book is tame stuff compared with this panorama passing before our eyes. Reaction is bound to come after the novelty of this twentieth century whirl is worn away, but the present generations are too engrossed to heed the signs which they cannot stop to read.

A Fool for Luck

By CAROLINE LOCKHART.

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The smoking lamps in the Dutchman's at Hermosa were dimmed by the hot dawn of an Arizona morning when a red-haired, freckled-faced cow-boy swaggered out of the door of the saloon, laughing boisterously. He pulled a sombrero over his keen gray eyes and swung himself into the depths of a Gallup cow-saddle; whereupon the broncho under the saddle pitched across the road, brought up against the New York store, and bit the leg of his rider. This made many silver dollars clink in the big pocket of the cow-boy's "chaps," and he, hearing them clink, called derisively to the group of men who had followed him out the door—no silver clinked in their pockets:

"When you all think you have enough dinero to afford me again, send word down to the Quarter-Circle Bar, an' I'll give you another lesson in stud poker." The broncho squealed as the spurs dug into his ribs, and Pink Murry disappeared down Alkali avenue in a cloud of dust.

"A fool for luck every time," observed Old Man Hooper a little bitterly, for he had lost a bunch of cows during the night. "Pink really don't know any more about poker than he does about the Holy Bible, which ain't much. Last winter he rides over to Fairview for a little time and happens in the Sunday school while a Methodist missionary was running there. Mr. Cow-boy, the minister asks Pink, 'who killed Abel?' Pink says politely: 'You must excuse me, parson. I'm a stranger in this camp.' Yet that's the boy who draws four cards and fills a flush. The ways of the Most High are mighty mysterious in Arizona."

"An' when he comes back from shooting black-tail up the Gila, with just one cartridge left, he goes and kills a she silvertip that's naturally scheduled to eat a magazine full of cartridges along with the man who shoots them. But it's Pink's fool luck; just like it was when his pony steps sudden from hoof-deep into a no-bottom quicksand hole as he crosses the Grande, and Pink comes safe by a quick jump over the tail. He oughter been drowned right thar. It's his fool luck," chimed in Jim Black despondently.

"Once this Pink sleeps in a 'dobe full of greasers with all kinds of smallpox, but Pink don't catch nothing," added Spike Sanders moodily. "He'll always have fool luck."

In the afternoon, however, Hermosa changed its mind. Two boys from the XIT range rode in, big with the importance of the news they bore. "Thar's been a sure 'nough cloud-burst down yonder on the Seco," said one excitedly. "Came down early this morning! It's taken off Bojarque's ranch-house and that bunch of Mexican 'dobes up this side of the canon, and the trail through the gulch is eight feet under water."

"Wal, wal," said Jim Black, suddenly animated, "the Seco'll be down again by night, but she's certainly got old Pink this trip. He was due in that canon just about the cloud-burst's time."

"Couldn't have been more than half-way through," assented the bar-keeper gloomily. Then Old Man Hooper, nearly asleep, strolled in to hear the news. "I'm offering ten to one the cloud-burst don't git him, backing Pink's fool luck on principle," he growled, and Ferguson, of the Gray Eagle mine, took the bet.

Pink had ridden away in an exultant mood in the dawn, which means he had ridden just as fast as prodding spurs and lashing quirt and the slapping of a big sombrero could make his angry pony fly along the level six miles that stretched from the ranch to the canon of the Rio Seco, through which went the trail to his ranch. Pulling his pony's ears and combing the tangled mane with his gloved hand in his satisfaction at the speed his broncho had shown, Pink trotted carelessly into the gloom of the canon and enlivened it by yelling fiercely in the spots where long experience in yelling had proved to him the best echoes came back from the towering cliffs close to each stirrup. The canon was almost two miles long, and the walls on either side rose sheer for a couple of hundred feet. The trail was the bed of a little stream that filled the bottom of the narrow gulch with its sh[illegible] down and w[illegible] dignified [illegible] mighty [illegible] being called the Rio Seco. Great rocks were carelessly scattered here and there, and even a cow-puncher camped at its entrance if he was caught there by darkness. At the far end the gulch broadened into a valley between rolling hills, where the cattle came down to drink and to feed on the green grass, a wonderful sight in Arizona.

The pony, splashing quickly through the shallows and clattering over the rocks, had passed deep within the two great walls when suddenly it stopped and trembled. It half-wheeled around, thrust forward both ears, stretched out its ungainly neck as if listening, and then squealed in evident terror. Wheeling around again, it started down the canon on a bolt, but Pink gave the cruel bit a great jerk, and the pony fell back to a walk. A moment later the broncho was lathered with sweat.

Now, Pink had frequently heard his pony squeal with rage, but this was different. "A pure case of scared," he said to himself, "an' no wall-eyed pinto cow-pony is going to git scared less there's something to be scared at that's big an' important an' needin' attention." So he pulled up his trembling pony and listened. Far away and sullen, like a low growl, he heard an unceasing noise, which, even in the seconds he listened, grew ominously distinct.

"Good God!" said Pink Murry, looking despairingly at the cliffs that towered sheer close to either stirrup. "It ain't much of a race-track, pinto, but we've certainly got a race to do."

The pinto did not need the spur, but he got it. He did not need the quirt, but he got that too. The rush and the roar of the cloud-burst and the ferocious din of many waters piled in one, looming and swashing as it tore through the canon at their heels, made that pony run like a Derby winner gone stark mad with fear. In the saddle sat a pale, freckled-faced cow-boy, riding in grim earnestness at last. With cool skill he swung the maddened horse around jutting corners of the cliffs and lifted him as he leaped over the boulders in his path. Under the flying hoofs an inch of water flowed placidly. A hundred yards behind ten feet of water tossed about boulders like pebbles. So horse and rider tore out of the canon at last and staggered up the slope of the hills to safety, having come through the last half of the Seco Canon in three minutes, which Hermosa says is a lie.

Ridden Away in an Exultant Mood at the Dawn.

All about him, on the crest of the hill, cattle pawed and bellowed and ran about, tossing both head and tail straight in the air, the cows with calves hustling the youngsters down the far side of the ridge. Pink turned quickly in his saddle and looked back. A great wall of logs and branches and sticks and rocks and leaves, the accumulations of the mountain bed of the Seco for many dry months, was being swiftly and mysteriously pushed through the canon. Ten feet high it was in the canon, but when it burst free into the broader valley, it broke and spread out somewhat. Behind it roared the pent-up waters, dark and swollen with anger. Like a nightmare the flood swept by Pink and the panting pony, swept by and swirled and churned itself, as if reaching back after him. Boulders grumbled as they were rolled about in its depths, and logs shot by like arrows. The noise of its fury deafened him, and the incredible swiftness with which it swirled past made him dizzy. The big sheet-iron roof of Bojarque's ranch-house, borne on the angry waters like a roof of cork, flitted by him like the flickering of a shadow on a river. The white-faced cow-boy watched it grimly for half an hour, while his horse stood under him with spreading legs and heaving sides.

At length the pony stretched out his neck and began to nibble grass. The cow-boy swung around in his saddle and picked up the reins.

"It's lucky for me you beat out that water, old hoss, for how could I swim with all the silver of Hermosa in my chaps?" said Pink Murry genially.

Prison for Debtors Again.

The report of a select committee on imprisonment for debt which was laid on the table in the British house of commons last month has been made public. The present law permits imprisonment where the debtor has means to pay and will not do it.

Charles Dickens was largely the cause of the change in the old laws when poor debtors were kept in prison hopelessly. Some now think England went too far the other way and ask that where the debt is for necessaries or for damages for wrongs committed, the prison should punish. Poor people and aritisans are not to suffer.

Old Scottish Words.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald submits the following samples of old Scotch words from East Aberdeenshire: "Mowse"—To say anything is nae mowse means it is uncanny or dangerous. "Connached." — Spoiled; clean connached would mean utterly destroyed or rendered useless. "Blaud."—To blaud anything would mean to soil it. A child would be told, "Dinna blaud your clean pina." "Gardies" or "Gaurdies."—A child's forearm. The last is a very old expression, but I have heard it used. "Sic bonnie gardies he has," means the baby has plump arms.

Flyology.

The pesky fly makes you swear by crawling, crawling everywhere. He wipes his feet upon the bread, and creeps about your hairless head. Within the milk he takes a bath, and in the butter makes a path, and then he angers Mary Jane by speckling up the window pane, and mamma rells and baby squirms because he leaves those awful germs. Get out the sticky paper, quick, and make [illegible]

GOOD LAUNDRY BAG

PRETTY GIFT FOUND USEFUL WHEN TRAVELING.

Six Sheer Handkerchiefs, with Linen Insertion, the Materials That Composed It—To Clean Wall Paper.

An attractive bag to hold handkerchiefs, neckties and other small articles for the laundry, was made by a girl for a friend, who was going abroad on her wedding trip.

To make the bag dainty and at the same time serviceable was something of a problem. Six sheer handkerchiefs with a graceful vine, in light blue, as a border were picked up at a sale, also some fine linen insertion that washed well.

The six handkerchiefs were joined by strips of the insertion, one strip running lengthwise and two across. This put two handkerchiefs side by side in each of the three rows.

The strip was doubled over through the middle row of handkerchiefs and the outer edges overcast together in tiny stitches. The bag was lined with lawn and color of the blue vine and the ends were bound in an inch-wide facing of the lawn, which was used as a casing. A good quality of blue wash ribbon was used for a draw string.

In the center of the upper left hand handdkerchief was worked the initials of the bride-to-be in a heavy padded monagram.

Cleaning Wall Paper.—To brighten wall paper that is stained and dirty, apply a cleanser made of equal parts of cornstarch, whiting and Fuller's earth. Mix these ingredients well and put them into a pail. This cleanser is rubbed on the walls with a pad, made by covering the end of a mop handle with cheesecloth. This pad should be about six inches long and four inches wide, and must be soft.

Dip it in the powder and rub it on the paper, making the strokes only up and down. When the surface has been thoroughly rubbed, wipe with fresh cheesecloth.

Grease spots will frequently disappear before a combination of ammonia and Fuller's earth. Make a thin paste of the two and spread it over the stain. Let it remain until dry and brush off.

Baked Asparagus.

Wash two small bundles of asparagus until perfectly free from sand and stand them upright in a kettle of water, leaving the tender tips uncovered; in this way the steam will cook the tips while the boiling water is making the stocks tender, and the former will not be cooked to pieces, as is too frequently the case. When done drain and cut into small pieces, removing only the toughest portion of the ends. To each two cupfuls of asparagus add an equal amount of grated bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and three or four dashes of pepper. Dust a well buttered mold lightly with the crumbs, then arrange the asparagus and crumbs in alternate layers, dusting each with salt and pepper and dotting with little bits of butter. Have the last layer of crumbs, pour over the milk and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot. This dish is worth trying.

Bread Baking.

"After many years at bread baking," said a woman, "I found my bread long in rising in winter after working it on the bread board, which was usually cold. I bought a tin one, heated it before the fire and have never since chilled the bread. Instead of using a pan, which quickly chills, I bought a wide crock, always had it heated on the stove, placed my bread in it and covered with a piece of woolen blanket, with the result my bread was ready to bake much sooner than it was when this precaution was not taken."

A slate slab, such as is used for roofing, also makes an excellent bread board, and it is often procurable for nothing. It can be heated, very hot and placed under a crock or pan of dough to assist slow bread in rising on a very cold day.

Mint Jelly.

Let one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine stand for some time in cold water to cover. Boil one cup of granulated sugar and one cupful of vinegar five or six minutes. Add the softened gelatine and one-fourth a teaspoonful each of salt and paprika and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Then add three-fourths a cupful of mint leaves chopped fine and enough green vegetable color (liquid) to tint as desired. Set the dish into ice and water and stir occasionally until the mixture begins to thicken. Then turn into small molds or wineglasses and set aside to become firm. When turned from the molds garnish with tips from two or three stalks of mint.

Pressed Chicken.

Cut a small chicken into four parts, boil in as little water as possible without burning, and watch constantly. When done very tender take out the meat, but keep broth boiling. Pick the meat from the bones, chop it, and add butter, pepper and salt. Take all fat of broth, then pour over the chopped chicken. Then press it, put on top with something heavy to hold it down. Set on ice and when very cold slice it, and you have a delicious supper or breakfast dish.

Piccalily.

One peck green tomatoes, six onions and four peppers are required. Slice or chop as desired. Put one cupful of salt over them and let stand over night. Drain, put in a kettle with enough vinegar to cover them, add two tablespoonfuls of chee, cinnamon and mustard mixed, and two cupfuls of sugar. If you use whole spice two ounces are required. Boil one hour.

Washing Stockings.

New colored stockings should be soaked a half hour in a gallon of cold water containing either a cup of salt or a tablespoonful of turpentine to set the colors. Do not mix brown and black ones together when washing them. Add a large amount of aluing to black ones and they will not turn an ugly brown; dry brown ones in the shade.

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recog[illegible]ed Authority

"Maud Muller" Party.

During these golden October days, outdoor and indoor parties combined are quite the thing. A hostess noted for her originality invited her friends to a "Maud Muller" party. The invitations said: "Informal; please come in country costumes." As she lived in a suburb, time tables were inclosed with the train marked that she wished them to take. The hour was five, and a merry throng took the four o'clock train. An immense hay wogan was at the station, with the splendid big horses gayly decorated and driven by the regular farm men instead of the liveried coach and footman. There were horns for the men, and the hostess awaited them on the steps of the port cochere. Big straw hats were given to the men with red ribbons and the girls had blue ones. Rakes with gilt handles were given the girls, who were thus attired as "Maud Mullers," and went forth to rake the hay on this charming summer day which had gotten by mistake into the fall calendar.

The girl who made the largest stack in ten minutes was awarded a prize; also, there was a prize for the neatest stack. The men superintended this, and then a plow was brought for the men to try their skill, with prizes for the straightest row, and for the one made in the quickest time. By this time twilight was falling and guests watched the chickens fed and the cows milked. Then all adjourned to the dining room, where a sumptuous supper was served, everything except the meats being a product of the place. The decorations were most unique, being likewise home productions. Gourds, small squashes and pumpkins were converted into most attractive flower holders, and the flowers were wild purple asters and golden rod, the combination being a most happy one. At half-after eight the hay wagon came to the door and a drive of an hour was taken over the hardest of country roads and then back to the station in time for the ten o'clock train. Afterwards in talking it over we all agreed that our hostess was so successful because her entertainments were so simple and she so natural and unaffected. Not but what she could and sometimes did entertain formally and had plenty of money to spend; yet her favorite way was to do things on the spur of the moment, and she always made use of the things that were in season.

She also had the art of always assembling just the right people together, and always remembered who hated "bridge," who didn't like golf and who loathed to dress for a formal dinner party. On the quiet, I think she keeps a book with the peculiarities of each one of her friends carefully jotted down, just when she entertained them, and just what she served on each occasion. At least that is the way one of the best entertainers I ever knew does, and it is worth considering.

Souvenirs for a Party.

At an autumnal party given for children from eight to ten years of age, the souvenirs were made by the guests from corn husks which they transformed into dolls. A face was penciled on the green stub of corn, the husks made the dress and the silk carefully braided made the hair; bonnets were also made from the husks. These dolls were really charming, and the prize awarded for the best was a delightful little booklet in which corn husk dolly was the heroine; it was written by a clever woman musician. This idea is just as applicable for a "grown-ups" party as for children; for I never saw a woman yet, whether she admitted it or not, who didn't like a chance to play dolls.

Announcing an Engagement.

"Polly" declared she must have some unusual way of announcing her engagement; so after much careful thought this was evolved: The 20 special friends were asked for a thimble party, and there was nothing doing until refreshments were served. Then each guest found a little envelope on the plate and the hostess explained that inside there would be found a jumbled lot of letters, that the letters of each color would spell one word, and there was just one word in each envelope and all were the same color in each envelope, so each one made their word, and the light gradually dawned as the story was told by the guests putting their words together. It was great fun and ended the afternoon in a most happy manner, as the little bride-elect was a great favorite, and she was fairly beaming when all began to offer good wishes and wanted to know "all about it."

MADAME MERRI.

Colored embroidery enters into much of the new neckwear.

Wraps are growing more decorative.

Easily Made Table

Home-Made Study Table, Consisting of a Board and Two Orange Boxes

THE STUDY TABLE in the sketch is possible, even in homes where economy must be observed, for the cost is a mere trofle—two five-cent orange or lemon boxes, obtained from the grocer, a can of wood filler and mission stain and a paint brush being all that is required. The large flat board that serves as a table top may be purchased from a carpenter for very little—or often a wooden board may be found, scrubbed and painted and pressed into excellent service. The top of the board must be perfectly smooth.

First a coat of wood filler is put on the boxes and board. When dry, a second coat is applied if the wood seems at all rough. Then apply the mission stain or any other wood stain desired. Place the boxes the width of the board apart, with the front edge of the boxes against the front edge of the board, and nail the board on the boxes in each corner, being careful that the points of the nails are not long enough to project through the under side of the top of the boxes.

Little silk or print curtains may be hung around the ends and across the open front of the boxes if one wishes and they give a dainty touch.

Batiste Jackets Dainty.

The terrifying popularity of the lace coat has very nearly killed it, as the awful results which have been achieved in midsummer costumes by the use of it is enough to prejudice the most unbiased against the garment.

Worn over an ankle-length frock of bright purple or green, with a large black hat heavily fringed with 98-cent "plumes," they make a picture which must cause the gods to weep.

The lovely little batiste jackets, however, worn with wonderful gowns of the same fairy-like fabrics, are quite another story. It would be hard to resist the appeal of one of these cut in a short-waisted fashion and generously embroidered and insertioned with baby Irish. This is slashed in deep points at the bottom which are outlined with the lace. Another one is formed of bands of shell pink batiste, tucked horizontally and having insertions of baby Irish and Valenciennes lace.

A Blotchy Face.

Many women are mortified by a red, blotchy skin that refuses to yield to copious grease and powder.

Sometimes this condition is due to bad blood, but more often to poor circulation and improper diet.

Try a cooling diet for a time and take something to cool the blood. Your doctor will advise the best way this can be done. If you do not wish to consult him take a half teaspoonful of Sprudel salts in a glass of hot water half an hour before breakfast each morning.

When the blotches get very annoying the color of the face can often be lowered by putting the feet in hot water to draw the blood from the head.

Cleaning Plumes.

A woman who has success in cleaning ostrich and other feathers puts a cupful of Indian meal, half a cupful of flour and three-level tablespoonfuls of borax into a paper bag, and with it one large or two or three small feathers.

These she shakes about until the soil has disappeared from the feathers, and then she shakes them free from the mixture. Fine knitted wool articles and laces are sometimes cleaned in this way.

The Brass Bowl

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

PICTURES BY [illegible]

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"The Loss of a Cool Half-Million, While It's a Drop in the Bucket to You, Would Cripple Him."

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Further and closer inspection developed the fact that the imprint had been only recently made. Within the hour—unless Maitland were indeed mad or dreaming—a woman had stood by that desk and rested a hand, palm down, upon it; not yet had the dust had time to settle and blur the sharp outlines.

Maitland shook his head with bewilderment, thinking of the gray girl. But no. He rejected his half-formed explanation—the obvious one. Besides, what had he there worth a thief's while? Beyond a few articles of "virtue and bigotry" and his pictures, there was nothing valuable in the entire flat. His papers? But he had nothing; a handful of letters, cheque book, a pass book, a japanned tin dispatch box containing some business memoranda and papers destined eventually for Bannerman's hands; but nothing negotiable, nothing worth a burglar's while.

It was a flat-topped desk, of mahogany, with two pedestals of drawers, all locked. Maitland determined this latter fact by trying to open them without a key; failing, his key-ring solved the difficulty in a jiffy. But the drawers seemed undisturbed; nothing had been either handled, or removed, or displaced, so far as he could determine. And again he wagged his head from side to side in solemn stupefaction.

"This is beyond you, Dan, my boy." And: "But I've got to know what it means."

In the hall O'Hagan was shuffling impatience. Pondering deeply, Maitland relocked the desk and got upon his feet. A small bowl of beaten brass, which he used as an ash receiver, stood ready to his hand; he took it up, carefully blew it clean of dust, and inverted it over the print of the hand. On top of the bowl he placed a weighty afterthought in the shape of a book.

"O'Hagan!"

"Waitin', sor."

"Come hither, O'Hagan. You see that desk?"

"Yissor."

"Are you sure?"

"Ah, faith—"

"I want you not to touch it, O'Hagan. Under penalty of my extreme displeasure, don't lay a finger on it till I give you permission. Don't dare to dust it. Do you understand?"

"Yissor. Very good, Mr. Maitland."

CHAPTER II.

Post-Prandial.

Bannerman pushed back his chair a few inches, shifting position the better to benefit of a faint air that fanned in through the open window. Maitland, twisting the sticky stem of a liqueur glass between thumb and forefinger, sat in patient waiting for the lawyer to speak.

But Bannerman was in no hurry; his mood was rather one contemplative and genial. He was a round and cherubic little man, with the face of a guileless child, the acumen of a successful counsel for soulless corporations (that is to say, of a high order), no particular sense of humor, and a great appreciation of good eating. And Maitland was famous in his day as one thoroughly conversant with the art of ordering a dinner.

That which they had just discussed had been uncommon in all respects; Maitland's scheme of courses and his specification as to details had roused the admiration of the Primordial's chef and put him on his mettle. He had outdone himself in his efforts to do justice to Mr. Maitland's genius; and the Primordial in its deadly conservatism remains to this day one of the very few places in New York where good, sound cooking is to be had by the initiate.

Therefore Bannerman thoughtfully sucked at his cigar and thought fondly of a salad that had been to ordinary salads as his 80-horse-power car was to an electric buckboard. While Maitland, with all time at his purchase, idly flicked the ash from his cigarette and followed his attorney's meditative gaze out through the window.

Because of the heat the curtains were looped back, and there was nothing to obstruct the view. Madison square lay just over the sill, a dark wilderness of foliage here and there made livid green by arc lights. Its walks teemed with humanity, its benches were crowded. Dimly from its heart came the cool plashing of the fountain, in lulls that fell unaccountably in the roaring rustle of restless feet. Over across, Broadway raised glittering walls of glass and stone; and thence came the poignant groan and rumble of surface cars crawling upon their weary and unvarying rounds.

And again Maitland thought of the City, and of Destiny, and of the gray girl the silhouette of whose hand was imprisoned beneath the brass bowl on his study desk. For by now he was quite satisfied that she and none other had trespassed upon the privacy of his rooms, obtaining access to them in his absence by means as unguessable as her motive. Momentarily he considered taking Bannerman into his confidence, but he questioned the advisability of this. Bannerman was so [illegible] practical in his outlook upon life, while this adventure had been so [illegible] [illegible]

with anything, it would be different; but so far as Maitland had been able to determine, she had abstracted nothing, disturbed nothing beyond a few square inches of dust. . . .

Unwillingly Bannerman put the salad out of mind and turned to the business whose immediate moment had brought them together. He hummed softly, calling his client to attention. Maitland came out of his reverie, vaguely smiling.

"I'm waiting, old man. What's up?"

"The Graeme business. His lawyers have been after me again. I even had a call from the old man himself."

"Yes? The Graeme business?" Maitland's expression was blank for a moment; then comprehension informed his eyes. "Oh, yes; in connection with the Dougherty investment swindle."

"That's it. Graeme's pleading for mercy."

Maitland lifted his shoulders significantly. "That was to be expected, wasn't it? What did you tell him?"

"That I'd see you."

"Did you hold out to him any hopes that I'd be easy on the gang?"

"I told him that I doubted if you could be induced to let up."

"Then why—?"

"Why, because Graeme himself is as innocent of wrong doing and wrong intent as you are."

"You believe that?"

"I do," affirmed Bannerman. His fat pink fingers drummed uneasily on the cloth for a few moments. "There isn't any question that the Dougherty people induced you to sink your money in their enterprise with intent to defraud you."

"I should think not," Maitland interjected, amused.

"But old man Graeme was honest in intention at least. He meant no harm; and in proof of that he offers to shoulder your loss himself, if by so doing he can induce you to drop further proceedings. That proves he's in earnest, Dan, for although Greame is comfortably well to do, it's a known fact that the loss of a cool half million, while it's a drop in the bucket to you, would cripple him."

"Then why doesn't he stand to his associates, and make them each pay back their fair share of the loot? That'd bring his liability down to about fifty thousand."

"Because they won't give up without a contest in the courts. They deny your proofs—you have those papers, haven't you?"

"Safe, under lock and key," asserted Maitland, sententiously. "When the time comes I'll produce them."

"And they incriminate Graeme?"

"They make it look as black for him as for the others. Do you honestly believe him innocent, Bannerman?"

"I do, implicitly. The dread of exposure, the fear of notoriety when the case comes up in court, has aged the man ten years. He begged me with tears in his eyes to induce you to drop it and accept his offer of restitution. Don't you think you could do it, Dan?"

"No, I don't." Maitland shook his head with decision. "If I let up, the scoundrels get off scot free. I have nothing against Graeme; I am willing to make it as light as I can for him; but this business has got to be aired in the courts; the guilty will have to suffer. It will be a lesson to the public, a lesson to the scamps, and a lesson to Graeme not to lend his name too freely to questionable enterprises."

"And that's your final word, is it?"

"[illegible], Bannerman. [illegible] You go ahead [illegible] and take it to court. When the time comes, as I said, I'll produce these papers. I can't go on this way letting people that I'm [illegible] I was unfortunate enough to inherit

money than is good for my wholesome."

Maitland twisted his eyebrows in deprecation of Bannerman's attitude; signified the irrevocability of his decision by bringing his fist down upon the table but not heavily enough to disturb the other diners; and, laughing, changed the subject.

For some moments he gossiped cheerfully of his new power boat, Bannerman attending to the inconsequent details with an air of abstraction. Once or twice he appeared about to interrupt, but changed his mind; but because his features were so wholly infantile and open and candid, the time came when Maitland could no longer ignore his evident perturbation.

"Now what's the trouble?" he demanded with a trace of asperity. "Can't you forget that Graeme business and—"

"Oh, it's not that." Bannerman dismissed the troubles of Mr. Graeme with an airy wave of a pudgy hand. "That's not my funeral, nor yours. . . . Only I've been worried, of late, by your utterly careless habits."

Maitland looked his consternation. "In heaven's name, what now?" And grinned as he joined hands before him in simulated petition. "Please don't read me a lecture just now, dear boy. If you've got something dreadful on your chest wait till another day, when I'm more in the humor to be found fault with."

"No lecture." Bannerman laughed nervously. "I've merely been wondering what you have done with the Maitland heirlooms."

"What? Oh, those things? They're safe enough—in the safe out at Greenfields."

"To be sure! Quite so!" agreed the lawyer, with ironic heartiness. "Oh, quite." And proceeded to take all Madison square into his confidence, addressing it from the window. "Here's a young man, sole proprietor of a priceless collection of family heirlooms—diamonds, rubies, sapphires galore; and he thinks they're safe enough in a safe at his country residence, 50 miles from anywhere! What a simple, trustful soul it is!"

"Why should I bother?" argued Maitland, sulkily. "It's a good, strong safe, and—and there are plenty of servants around," he concluded, largely.

"Precisely. Likewise plenty of burglars. You don't suppose a determined criminal like Anisty, for instance, would bother himself about a handful of thick-headed servants, do you?"

"Anisty?"—with a rising inflection of inquiry.

Bannerman squared himself to face his host, elbows on table. "You don't mean to say you've not heard of Anisty, the great Anisty?" he demanded.

"I dare say I have," Maitland conceded, unperturbed. "Name rings familiar, somehow."

"Anisty"—deliberately—"is said to be the greatest jewel thief the world has ever known. He has the police of America and Europe by the ears to catch him. They have been hot on his trail for the past three years, and would have nabbed him a dozen times if only he'd had the grace to stay in one place long enough. The man who made off with the Bracegirdle diamonds, smashing a burglar-proof vault into scrap iron to get 'em—don't you remember?"

"Ye-es; I seem to recall the affair, now that you mention it," Maitland admitted, bored. "Well, and what of Mr. Anisty?"

"Only what I have told you, taken in connection with the circumstance that he is known to be in New York, and that the Maitland heirlooms are tolerably famous—as much so as your careless habits, Dan. Now, a safe deposit vault—"

"Um-m-m," considered Maitland. "You really believe that Mr. Anisty has his bold burglarious eye on my property?"

"It's a big enough haul to attract him," argued the lawyer, earnestly; "Anisty always aims high. . . . Now, will you do what I have been begging you to do for the past eight years?"

"Seven," corrected Maitland, punctiliously. "It's just seven years since I entered into mine inheritance and you became my counselor."

"Well, seven, then. But will you put those jewels in safe deposit?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"But when?"

"Would it suit you if I ran out to-night?" Maitland demanded so abruptly that Bannerman was disconcerted.

"I—er—ask nothing better."

"I'll bring them in town to-morrow. You arrange about the vault and advise me, will you, like a good fellow?"

"Bless my soul! I never dreamed that you would be so—so—"

"Amenable to discipline?" Maitland grinned, boy-like, and, leaning back, appreciated Bannerman's startled expression with keen enjoyment. "Well, consider that for once you've scared me. I'm off—just time to catch the 10:20 for Greenfields. Waiter!"

He scrawled his initials at the bottom of the bill presented him, and rose. "Sorry, Bannerman," he said, chuckling, "to cut short a pleasant evening. But you shouldn't startle me so, you know. Pardon me if I run; I might miss that train."

"But there was something else—"

"It can wait."

"Take a later train, then."

"What! With this grave peril hanging over me? Impossible! 'Night."

Bannerman, discomfited, saw Maitland's shoulders disappear through the dining room doorway, meditated pursuit, thought better of it, and reseated himself, frowning.

"Mad Maitland, indeed!" he commented.

As for the gentleman so characterized, he emerged, a moment later, from the portals of the club, still chuckling mildly to himself as he struggled into a light evening overcoat. His temper, having run the gamut of boredom, interest, perturbation, mystification, and plain amusement, was now altogether inconsequential—a dangerous mood for Maitland. Standing on the corner of Twenty-sixth street he thought it over, tapping the sidewalk gently with his cane. Should he or should he not carry out his intention as declared to Bannerman, and go to Greenfields that same night? Or should he keep his belated engagement with Cressy's party?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PICKING AND PACKING OF THE GRAPE CROP

How the Work Is Done in a Pennsylvania Vineyard—Women Perform Much of Labor—By L. G. Youngs.

The harvesting of Concord grapes in our section usually begins about September 25. Picking is mostly done by women. The picking price varies from one to one and one-half cents for the eight-pound baskets; for the 40-pound crate three and four cents is paid. A day's work consists of 125 to 175 eight-pound baskets, but some extra swift pickers reach 200 baskets in a day. The cost of the eight-pound basket with cover is two cents each; that of the 40-pound crate, six cents.

Most of the packing is now done in the field. A light stand is used, holding three baskets. When the basket is full, the picker, who is known by a number, places the number on the handle of the basket, also the number of baskets she has picked during the day, and places the basket under the vines out of the way of the gathering wagon. The driver, whose duty it is to keep the pickers supplied with empty baskets, keeps a tally of the baskets he hauls away and also sees that the pickers' account of picked grapes agrees with his figures as he hauls the filled baskets to the storage house. Both the picker's and his own account are given each day to the owner or manager of the vineyard and by him are credited.

The grapes remain in the storage house from 24 to 48 hours, when they are covered, hauled to the station and loaded in refrigerator cars. First, however, they are inspected and pronounced satisfactory, and if the weather is warm the cars are iced with about four tons of ice. The car is loaded with baskets 10 to 12 high, thus making 3,000 to 3,500 baskets to the load. In inspecting a load of grapes, the inspector endeavors to examine some baskets of each picker, and if her work is slighted or improperly done, her number leads to detection and she has to correct the fault in the future or be discharged.

The bulk of the grapes is sold by the growers themselves, who are organized into an association with manager, secretary and board of directors. Each grower pays this organization one-half cent a basket and one dollar a ton on bulk grapes, as the expense fund for loading and marketing. If this is more than sufficient for the purpose, the balance is returned. The sales of grapes are pooled in periods of three days, each grower receiving the same price on shipments made during the period. All the large associations keep a representative or agent in the principal distributing centers like Chicago, Pittsburg and New York. If from any cause the market becomes bad, the agent notifies the home office and shipments cease for a time to that point. If the markets become generally disorganized, word is passed to the growers, and picking and loading is suspended until the markets rally.

The manufacture of grapes into jelly, unfermented juice, etc., is an important factor in balancing the markets. We are building a factory at North East. The company is capitalized at $500,000 and plans to have one of the largest plants in the United States. This will greatly affect the shipment of grapes from our station and give us a home market for much of the grapes of our vineyards.

Women help board themselves in the boarding houses that most of the growers have built. These houses are furnished with stoves, tables, chairs and mattresses. The pickers provide their own sheets, quilts and provisions. Butchers, bakers and grocery wagons visit those houses away from the town and keep them supplied from the stores. We have found it necessary to insist on certain rules among our help. There are always some of the girls who will keep late hours if we allow it, and by disturbing the tired ones, put the whole force on the dry dock for the next day. Therefore, a fixed hour for retiring is one of the most important.

A Bunch of Concords.

COW PEAS GREAT CROP

An Acre Will Pasture Twenty Hogs Several Weeks, Giving Superior Quality of Meat.

Some varieties of cow peas have upright bushy forms of growth; some trail along on the ground like vines. The pods vary in length from four to 12 inches.

The colors are as various as those of the rainbow—white, red, green, brown, pink, purple, black or mottled.

In shape they also differ; some are round, others flat or kidney shaped.

The time for maturing ranges from 60 days to three or four months. Drilling the seed is preferable when hay is wanted.

After corn is laid by cow peas are drilled in between rows and they will yield a fine pasture for stock after the corn is gathered. When drilling for this purpose the later kind are best.

Three pecks to the acre for this work. Peas should be sown not over three inches deep and the soil must be dry and warm.

When drilling for hay any after culture aids very much in the yield.

When the [illegible] begin to show signs of ripening, by the pods and foliage beginning to turn yellow, we mow for hay.

Let the vines remain as cut for at least 24 hours, to cause wilting, and throw into small piles or cocks to dry out thoroughly.

They should not be drawn in for several days if the weather will allow.

After hay is well cured it may be drawn to the barn or shed.

If the trailing sort are planted care must be taken in stacking that good ventilation is given to prevent mold.

A good stand will yield from one and one-half to two tons per acre.

In the north it is a valuable drought-resisting plant and will grow where almost any other plants would perish.

Many farmers save only seed sufficient for their own use, as the labor is tedious.

The pods are plucked by hand, or when the bush sort is grown the plant is pulled and stored away until some convenient time when they are threshed out with a flail or by machine.

If the trailing sort are wanted the vines are mowed and treated as above. Some wasteage occurs in this method, but this can be utilized in pasturing afterward.

Green cow pea hay is more nutritious than red clover and contains less dry matter for total weight than any of the grasses or clover.

When planted for green manuring it is advisable to turn hogs or any stock in the fields about the time the pods are ripening.

Hogs, especially young pigs, thrive on the succulent growth and the quality of the meat is very superior.

An acre of cow peas will pasture 18 or 20 hogs several weeks. The worst drawback is the first cost of the seed, but when once you have started their growing you can save your seed at half of first cost.

The Rabbit Pest.

Rabbits are the greatest pest that the Australian pastoralist has to contend with. If these rodents are at all numerous on a station property they do enormous damage to grass.

In summer, when any water that might have been lying about has been dried up by the evaporation and the grass has become dry, rabbits swarm toward the tanks, dams or other water holes that have been sunk.

Every evening, after the cattle have taken their last drink, a strip of wire netting is run around the tank or dam. Outside this netting fence holes are dug in the ground and filled with poisoned water and these in turn are inclosed by another strand of netting, pegged down to within a few inches of the ground, being sheep proof, but allowing plenty of room for rabbits to get under.

The rabbits make for the dam, but their way is barred, they drink at the poisoned holes with, to them, disastrous effect. In the morning there are to be seen hundreds and thousands of dead rabbits scattered about the country.

You cannot expect your apple trees to bear much fruit until they have been planted six or [illegible]

ASCRIBED VISIT TO PRAYER

Father Evidently Had Faith in Daughter's Supplications.

Among my esteemed neighbors there is a family known for the piety of its members and their implicit confidence in the efficacy of prayer. One of the daughters, Miss Kate B——, has almost reached the age when she could be referred to gallantly as an old maid. She is the target for many a good-natured quip pertaining to her alleged hopes and endeavors in the direction of matrimony.

Not long ago a certain society of young men which had interested itself in the campaign for higher saloon license sent a committee to visit the homes of the district and obtain signatures to a high license petition. When this committee, numbering a half dozen members, ascended the steps at the B—— home my friend's wife was the first to see it through the front window.

"Laws, J[illegible]!" she exclaimed to her husband. "See all those young men coming to visit us!"

Mr. B—— glanced out of the window, noted the number of the invading force and remarked, with an air of conviction:

"Humph! Kate's been praying again."—San Francisco Call.

One by Barnacled Ben.

"Yes, mates," related Barnacled Ben, retired seaman, "I certainly did see some wonderful things when I was cruising around the seven seas. Why, once we had a sawfish to follow the Nancy Jones for 1,000 miles. We used to throw off the leavings from the galley and when we'd hit a big calm, why, the sawfish would saw up our firewood in stove lengths. All we had to was to toss the long sticks over and he'd saw them up in a jiffy. Then we'd take a long rake and rake the [illegible] aboard—Nature faking? Never heard of it, matey, [illegible] heard of it."

And B[illegible] [illegible] walked away.

THE ONLOOKER

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

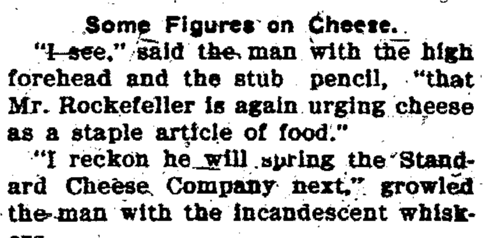
Dah goes lazy Eph'm Jones,
Good-foh-nuffin bag o' bones!
Got his fish' pole in his han',
Got his bait in dat ole can—
Huh! Des look at Eph'm's hat!
Evah see de beat o' dat?
It's de on'y one he owns—
Lazy, loafin, Eph'm Jones!

Why'n't he wuk lak folks lak me?
Why'n't he let dem fishes be?
Whut he s'pose he comin' to?
Ain't he nuffin else to do?
Look at him, des slouchin' 'long
Hummin' some old soht o' song—
Lawd! I'se got ter dig en scratch
In dis hyuh ole 'tater patch!

Huh! I reckon he's er gwine
Some're wid dat pole en line—
'Way en past de bruk-down mill
Whuh de crick goes 'roun' de hill,
Den he'll set down in de shade
Dat de willer trees is made—
Lazy, shif'less bag o' bones,
Good-foh-nuffin Eph'm Jones!

Lawd! It's hot hyuh in de sun!
Wish dis 'tater patch 'uz done.
Reckon Eph'm he'll des lay
In de shade dah all dis day,
Th'owin' in en pullin' out—
Red-eyes, bass, en mebbe trout!
Den he'll come er-slouchin' home
Grinnin' lak er currycomb!

Lawd! Dis sun is hot. My lan'!
Dis is mo' den I kin stan'.
Dah goes Eph'm thoo de wood—
Um-m! I bet dat shade feel good!
'Tain't no use. Nobody owns
Me dan dey do Eph'm Jones!
'Tater patch, I'll let you' be
Eph'm, Eph'm! Wait foh me!



Some Figures on Cheese.

"I see," said the man with the high forehead and the stub pencil, "that Mr. Rockefeller is again urging cheese as a staple article of food."

"I reckon he will spring the Standard Cheese Company next," growled the man with the incandescent whiskers.

"But, thinking about cheese," said the other man, tapping his stub pencil upon a sheet of paper covered with figures, "I find that for $29,240,000 one could buy 292,400,000 pounds of cheese at ten cents a pound."

"Who wants to buy that much cheese?" inquired the man with the incandescent whiskers.

"Nobody. It is merely interesting, that is all. And that quantity of cheese, in cheeses of 25 pounds each, would mean 73,100,000 cheeses."

"What kind? Camembert, Roquefort, limburger or what?"

"The—the what kind. The ordinary cream cheese. Of course, in limburger, it would be—"

"It would be fierce."

"Perhaps. But, now, you take 73,100,000 cheeses and set them one on top of the other and they will make a tower 13,844½ miles high. Laid flat, side by side, they would make a line 27,689 miles long—long enough to go around the world and have 2,689 miles to spare. In other words, to make a parallel line of cheeses across the United States. Pared in inch strips, the rind of all those cheeses would make a strip long enough to reach half way to the moon, and—"

"And if an inch cube of that cheese was put on every piece of apple pie eaten in the world it would supply the pie dishes of all the earth until September 2, 1997," suggested the man with the incandescent whiskers. "Made into welsh rabbits it would provide enough to fill the Pacific ocean and the Desert of Sahara."

"It goes to show what $29,240,000 will purchase," remarked the man with the pencil.

"Huh!" growled the other man. "It goes to show how much figuring you can do without any money."

Enhances Her Chances.

There is a young lady in Kas.
Who always is seen at the das.,
When asked why, she'll say:
"I must marry some day,
So I never must miss any chas."

The Cold Summer.

"Yes," said the man with the ingrain whiskers and brussels hair, "the weather we have been having has been unseasonable, I know, but I remember one June when there was a heavy fall of snow on the 20th. In fact, there was snow on the ground all the month. I shall never forget the suffering I endured. My ears were frozen and my fingers frost-bitten. And then, in July it got a little warmer, but not much. I recollect that on the Fourth of July I went skating and broke through the ice, there being a slight thaw, but—"

"Look here!" interrupted the man with the foreshortened [illegible], "I know nothing of that sort ever happened in this country."

"Who said anything about this country? It was in Greenland, when I was hunting the north pole."

Keep Cool.

[illegible]

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Big Cut in Prices of Stoves & Hardware

Good times are here again and the North Pole has been discovered! The present chilly days and nights are only a reminder that whistling winds with ice and frost are close at hand, and that we beg the privilege of pointing the way as to have the hard-earned dollar of the wage-earner do double duty in buying Heating Stoves and Ranges and all kinds of fall and winter Hardware. You are invited to come now and share in the benefits of our great

SIXTY DAY CASH SALE

BUY WHERE YOUR DOLLAR GOES FARTHEST

HERE'S SOME OF OUR CASH PRICES:

One Supreme Garland Steel Range, No. 9, High Closet and Reservoir. Former price, $40.00; sale price **$33.50**

One Supreme Garland Steel Range with shelf. Former price, $40.00; sale price **$29.50**

Think of this! "The Ideal Ruby," a modern No. 9, six-hole Range with 20-inch oven, high back and Reservoir, full nickeled, with all the conveniences, for only **$28.20**

The "B Ruby," the same stove, but with four holes, $27.25

The "Famous Ruby," big enough for most families, $23.75

BIG CUT IN PRICES OF HEATING STOVES OF ALL KINDS.

The Stove business has changed materially in recent years, but don't forget that the woman uses stoves more than the men. The same woman that buys millinery buys the Stoves and she wants the best up-to-date fashions. That's where we come in. We have the best and newest creations in Stoves and are selling them at prices never before heard of in Tioga county.

Bring in your catalogue from mail order houses. If you are "From Missouri and wish to be shown," we can soon convince you that many of our prices for Hardware and Stoves are lower than the mail order houses. Remember, we are here to right every wrong and the catalogue house is hundreds of miles away. Buy goods of home merchants. Buy Hardware and Stoves of

GARDNER & CO.

WELLSBORO, PA.

LOSS BY SMUGGLING HIGH IN MILLIONS

Loeb and Treasury Officers Think Sugar Frauds Are Made Small by Others.

BEEN STEALING FOR FIFTY YEARS

Collector Promises Startling Revelations Says They Will Make the Recent Frauds Appear as a Mere Incident.

Washington, Oct. 27. — William Loeb, Jr., Collector of the Port of New York, has intimated to Treasury Department officials that he will unfold a story of customs frauds before long that will make the recent sugar frauds appear as a mere incident.

Millions have been the toll which America has paid in past years through the leaks and the ofttimes flagrant dishonesty of the weighers of the New York Custom House. The same state of affairs has probably existed in a less degree at the ports of Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk, New Orleans and San Francisco.

That the extent of these losses cannot even be estimated is the opinion of Collector Loeb and was the purport of the verbal report made by him at the Treasury.

More than two million dollars was stolen from the Government in the sugar weighing frauds unearthed a year ago. In the minds of Collector Loeb and the Treasury officials this constitutes a comparatively small portion of the total loss.

It is regarded as probable that these systematic filchings from the Government's customs receipts cover a period of more than fifty years and that in this the minor officials of the New York Custom House have been by long odds the greatest offenders, though their nefarious profits have been small in comparison with the illegitimate gains of their employers, the great importers. These are the ...ys of responsible officials of the ...asury Department.

No concealment is made here of the fact that some of the weighers have promise of immunity. That was how the Government got its evidence. Mr. Loeb and his aides were able, by promises of immunity to a few of the weighers, to get what is understood at the Treasury to be an astounding array of evidence. Some of it has come out in the case now on trial, but by no means all of it.

The Treasury is arranging to have automatic weighing apparatus installed at the port of New York and it is expected a deal for these scales will soon be closed. How far this will cut down the weighing force is not stated.

Los Angeles, Oct. 22.—Mrs. John H. Jones, member of the Otis family of Massachusetts and the fourth white woman to come to Los Angeles, died to-day. Her estate of $4,000,000 will go to N. L. Otis of Albany and Mrs F. J. Hall of Hudson, N. Y.

BLIND MAN GETS 40-YEAR SENTENCE

Killed Two Men in Saloon Brawl in Paterson—One His Best Friend.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 27.—Sentence of forty years in prison for the murder of two men, one of them his best friend, was imposed on William Fason, a negro, who is stone blind. The story of the prisoner's misfortunes is one of the most remarkable that has come to the notice of a court in this State. Lacking eyesight, Fason got into a barroom brawl because he wanted a drink in the shooting that followed, he killed Robert Ferguson, the man who, as his closest friend, had guided his steps into the drinking place. Another bullet hit George Hummell, a white man, whom Fason did not know, and caused his death.

The story of the fatal row was told in General Sessions before Justice Minturn this morning. Wood McKee and James A. Harmon were counsel for the prisoner. After the details of the shooting were narrated Fason's lawyers entered a plea of non vult, leaving the punishment to the mercy of the court. An interesting point the Justice had to consider in pronouncing sentence was the situation of the blind man when he got into the brawl. The court had to consider that the prisoner was in danger of being attacked without being able to defend himself on account of his affliction. But the recklessness of Fason in shooting finally swung the decision against him.

On June 26 last the negro was guided by Ferguson to a saloon in River street, this city. Fason felt safe in going around because Ferguson was with him. His companion held his arm as they entered the saloon and led him up to the bar. The pair edged their way among several other men, and the blind man ordered a drink. His demand was refused, an he started an argument. As the dispute became hotter Fason backed away from the bar. A scuffle started, and when it was at its height two shots were heard. Fason had drawn two revolvers and fired.

Ferguson went down mortally wounded. In his endeavor to protect Fason, he strayed so close to his friend that a bullet struck him. The other bullet hit Hummell, who was several feet away, taking no part in the brawl. Several men leaped toward the blind man and wrested the weapons from his grasp. Then Fason learned what he had done. In his rage and his fear of being hurt he had shot down the man who was trying to take care of him. When he heard that he realized the extent of his crime.

COUNTRY'S BIGGEST SWINDLE

Is What Receiver Calls the Haight & Freese Company's Bucket Shops.

Boston, Oct. 25.—The final report by Receiver Colt of the Haight & Freese Company was filed here. He describes the company as "the largest bucket shop swindling concern in the country," and a significant feature of his report is his assertion that Boston is now practically free from this form of fraud.

MUELHER KILLS ANNA LUTHER

Bigamist Gives Details of Murder in Lonely Islip Woods on Long Island

SHOT WOMAN IN A QUARREL

He Lured Victim to Woods, Told Her He was Going Back to Real Wife, and Killed Her When She Protested.

Islip, L. I., Oct. 27.—Caught in a trap which he himself constructed, with what his victious mind thought was cunning, Frederick Gebhardt, alias Otto Muelher, confessed that he murdered Anna Luther in the woods at Islip two months after he married her bigamously.

Stolidly Gebhardt told the horrid story to Coroner Savage of Suffolk County in the Islip jail. He confessed that he planned the murder carefully and did it deliberately and, before his confession, he tried to make a bargain "for his dear children's sakes" that his life should be spared.

He confessed that on that April day last year he lured Anna Luther to her death by pretending that he wished to show her some property he owned. For four hours they walked until dusk was falling.

He killed her when her arms were around his neck; shot her through the brain when she was begging him to kiss her—not to leave her, not to go back to his wife, of whom she knew.

"I love you too" was her plea, were her last words. And as she clung to him Gebhardt put his revolver to her head and pulled the trigger.

Said Gebhardt, describing the climax of the tragedy, or its depths:

"I got into an argument with her about money matters. I turned away from her and wanted to go back. She followed me up, screaming, and I shot her in the head. I did not look at her, and I do not remember whether I shot her more than once. I went to the Islip depot and took a train home. It was nearly dark, and on the way home in the train I threw the revolver out of the car window.

"I want to state that I did not kill her for money. I told her at Bay Shore that I was married already and had a wife and child and must leave her. She screamed and kissed me and wanted me back, and I shot her. This confession is made of my own free will, without any hope of recompense being offered me."

Gebhardt gave other motives for the crime; one false, that the girl had forced him to turn over to her all the money he had saved. And another, perhaps true, for he is a craven.

"I feared her," he said, "I told her a long time before that I had another wife and a child, and that, on account of the child, I didn't want her any more. But I couldn't get rid of her, and she declared that she would make me live with her.

KILLS SELF IN BANK VAULT

Cashier's Books Reported Straight—Officials Think He was Insane.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 27.—In a dark vault in the Queens County Savings Bank, No. 71 Broadway, Flushing, Henry C. Carpenter, 52 years old, cashier, committed suicide by shooting himself. The bank officials and relatives and friends of the dead man say they can assign no motive for the act. In the bank were L. M. Franklin, president, and William T. James, treasurer. Carpenter appeared to be in his usual cheerful frame of mind. He went into the vault to obtain a book, and there killed himself with a revolver that belonged to the bank.

BARRIE WANTS WIFE REWED

Offers Her $200,000 and Trip Around the World to Become His Bride.

London, Oct. 26.—James M. Barrie now wants to rewed the wife he divorced only ten days ago. He has offered his former wife $200,000 in a lump sum and a trip around the world if she will again become his bride.

The fact that Barrie has been writing love letters to the woman whom he testified betrayed him became known to-day and astonished even those friends who are most intimate with the author of "Peter Pan."

A WAY OPEN.

Many a Wellsboro Reader Knows It Well.

There is a way open to convince the greatest skeptic. Scores of Wellsboro people have made it possible. The public statement of their experience is proof the like of which has never been produced before in Wellsboro. Read this case of it given by a citizen:

Mrs. Geo. Cleveland, 20 Water St., Wellsboro, Pa., says: "I suffered a great deal from disordered kidneys. The kidney secretions gave much annoyance on account of their irregular passage and my hands and feet became badly swollen. I felt tired and languid and had no strength or ambition. I was so much impressed by what I read about Doan's Kidney Pills that I procured a box at Blatchley's drug store. I was benefited in every way by their use. The swelling subsided and my kidneys became normal. I have been feeling very well since and gladly give Doan's Kidney Pills the credit."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. [illegible]

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH HOME

IT IS wonderful how much satisfaction can be obtained from a talk over the Bell Telephone.

A letter carries words, but the Bell Service has been brought up to such a point of perfection that the modulations of the voice are clearly heard.

The cheery tones show that the talker is well and in good spirits. The call may come from a suburban village or a distant city, but within the limits of the carrying power of the voice the Bell Service carries the tone as well. You get a personal interview with a friend hundreds of miles away.

CENTRAL NEW YORK TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

6

BIG VALUES IN

Jewel Ranges

THE BEST RANGES MADE

The Jewel Ranges contain every feature inventive genius could devise to lighten the burden of cooking. It would take a book to tell you all the good points of Jewel Ranges. Some of them are: That all castings are made of Kemi-test metal, which is analyzed and tested by an expert chemist; that the walls are double and interlined with abestos; that all rivets are hand driven; that the grates are the best that can be produced, and that the ovens are large and square.

Even though you do not care to purchase a Range at this time, we invite you to call and learn about the special features which make cooking a pleasure instead of a task.

Roberts Hardware Company

Next Door to the First National Bank

A Great Under Price Sale

on

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Ready-to-Wear Garments, Suits, Coats and Skirts

When garments are so unusually stylish, so exceptionally well tailored and in fact so thoroughly good as our present line is, a merchant is often tempted to buy in quantities beyond his needs. This is what we have done. While our sales in this department have reached our usually high average, our stock is so large that we have concluded to cut the price now instead of after Christmas.

We will give a 10 per cent. discount on all our Ready-to-Wear Garments until DECEMBER 15th

THIS INCLUDES OUR FAMOUS PRINTZESS, WM. FISHMAN, SPERLING & SPERLING, AND OTHER HIGH GRADE LINES. . . .

When you consider that owing to an early realization of our immense overstock, these garments were originally marked at a very close margin, far below their real values, this greater reduction offers an opportunity seldom presented at so early a date.

Buy them now and have the benefit of the garment when most needed.

MODEL DRY GOODS & STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORE IN TIOGA COUNTY.

I. B. FINKELSTEIN, WELLSBORO, PA.

Now is the Time

TO GET YOUR PAPERING AND DECORATING DONE.

I am in position to give your work immediate attention.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED TO ALL MY PATRONS. GIVE ME A CALL.

W. V. ETNER

Pearl St., WELLSBORO, PA.

Steel Ceilings sold, erected and decorated.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, Hon. David Cameron, President Judge of the Fourth Judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the county of Tioga, has issued his precept, to me directed, for the holding of an Orphan's Court, Court of Common Pleas, General Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, at Wellsboro, in and for the county of Tioga, Pennsylvania, on the FOURTH MONDAY OF NOVEMBER, (being the 22d day,) A. D. 1909, and to continue three weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for said county of Tioga, to appear in their own proper persons with records, inquisitions, examinations and [illegible] to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf appertain to be done, and all witnesses and other persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any person or persons are required to be then and there attending, and not to depart at their peril. Jurors are required to be punctual in their attendance at the appointed [illegible]

[illegible]

W. E. [illegible]

FOREST LAWN SANITARIUM,

WELLSBORO PA.

WILLARD G. LENT, M. D.

COMPLETE Equipment. Trained Nurses. Massage, Vibratory Massage, Electricity, surgery. Diseases of Women and Rectal Diseases. Rupture and Hemorrhoids cured without operation. Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness and all Diseases of the Ear Nose, Throat and Lungs.

Cancer treated by the Alexander method. Opium and Morphine habits cured.

Two Farms for Sale.

SITUATED 4 MILES WEST OF WELLSBORO, PA., on the Pine creek [illegible], with good buildings, good water, two large apple orchards, small fruits [illegible], on R. F. D. and telephone line.

One farm known as the Frank [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible] Farm." [illegible] John Ly[illegible] [illegible]